R. R.
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LARIA
RIOUS FORMS.
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as RADWAY'S RELIEF.
EADACHE!
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DRUGGISTS.
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UMPTION
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TER, June 16, 1883.]
—Dear Sirs: My wife, who had
from the Palpitation of the
Catarrh of the Head, Fall of the
Ringing of the ears, was taken down
Lung Fever; when the fever
ed me that she was going into
ould make up my mind to
first of June, etc. When the
wife of the wonderful cures
ay's Remedies, she improved
and she is now better and in-
but her left lung is a little sore
ER, September, 10, 1883.]
thanking you for your noble
es, which have cured my wife
, Consumption, etc.
TER, October 6, 1883.]
letters, or any part of them,
reeable to me for you to use
as possibly give to the SICK.
My wife is to-day rejoicing
has for the last five years.
Liver Complaint, Fall of the
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she began taking your valuable
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give a few Pills and Resolvent
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ever, your friend,
S. W. GAINES.
more of the active principles
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Y DRUGGISTS.
LAR PER BOTTLE.
ADWAY'S
TING PILLS,
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emedy,
, elegantly coated with sweet
purify, cleanse and strengthen
S, for the cure of all disorders
er, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder
Loss of Appetite, Headache
stion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness
of the Bowels, Piles, and all
ternal Viscera. Purely Veg-
no mercury, mineral or delete
ADWAY'S PILLS will free the
bove-named disorders.
BY DRUGGISTS.
cents per Box.
SPEPSIA.
ies spring from this complaint
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Horticultural Society

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM, THE GARDEN, THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

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Editorial.

PREPARATION OF THE SOIL FOR PLANT GROWTH.

Those who are able to compare the manner which the farmers of to day prepare the soil for garden and field crops, with that which was practiced fifty years ago, can in some degree realize the progress which has been made in the production of farm products. Fifty years ago the farmer possessed but very few implements adapted to the work of pulverizing the soil; not one farmer in twenty had anything but the plough and the old A harrow, and the harrow was very rarely used except when small grain was sown in the spring. Very few farmers at that time had thought there was any better way to apply manure than to plough under the coarsest, and put the fine in the hill; therefore few thought it necessary to make any effort to stir up the soil, except to plough it, until the crop was large enough to require hoeing. But to-day this is all changed, very few farmers would think of planting, even Indian corn, without mixing some manure with the soil, and they would not be satisfied to do it with one of the old tooth harrows, but would use one of the improved harrows that is so constructed as to not only greatly lighten up the soil but thoroughly mix the manure with it. The advantage of this is so great that after once fairly tried it will not be abandoned.

When the manure is well mixed with the soil it is beneficial in several ways, it not only lightens up the soil, but by so doing it lets in the warm air, which with the moisture of the soil, acts on the manure and hastens decomposition; as the manure is well mixed with the soil this decomposition is taking place all over the top of the soil as far down as the warm air penetrates. Thus the whole surface of the soil is in a state of activity. The rapid decomposition of the fertilizing materials not only of themselves furnish plant food, but set free the plant food of the soil, a process of changing from crude materials to available plant food, there is an action on the surrounding soil which transforms insoluble to soluble materials that is adapted to the growth of plants. Thus the pulverizing of the soil and the mixing of manure with it accomplishes three objects, all of which are important for plant growth.

In our efforts to properly prepare the soil we must not forget that the work not only needs to be well done, but it needs to be done at the proper time; this is when it will secure the best results, or when the plants are soon to come into a condition to need large quantities of well prepared plant food. If the soil be prepared so early in the spring that decomposition in a great measure ceases before the plants begin to grow, the result will be far from satisfactory; but if the work be done but a very short time before the seed be planted, by the time the young plants begin to grow the soil will be in an active state of ferment; while in this condition the roots of the plants can more readily penetrate it, and the soil being full of divided atoms of manure that are soluble in water, the roots readily find all of the elements necessary to force a rapid growth of the plants. A soil that is prepared just before planting will keep in a better condition during the entire season, than it would be if the preparation was made several weeks before, because the heavy rains which usually come in the early spring beat the ground down so hard as to retard, if it does not entirely stop decomposition before the roots of the plants begin to grow. If preparation be delayed until after the crops planted it will be impossible to prepare only what soil is left in the rows; this it is true will do much to force the growth of the plants, but it will not help the growth of the plants when they first start, which is the most important period of their growth. By preparing the soil before planting it can be better and easier than after the crops begins to grow; but the portion of the soil not covered by the growing plants should receive constant attention.

Whenever the farmer finds the soil is covered by a hard crust, caused by heavy rains, or from any other cause, he should lose no time in pulverizing it with some implement adapted for the purpose. The old hand hoe is a very poor implement for this purpose; a small iron rake is a much better implement. It is surprising that an implement so ill adapted for pulverizing the soil as the hoe should have been so universally used for so many centuries; it probably would not have been if our ancestors had not mistaken the principal object for cultivating crops. Their sole object was to kill the weeds and hill up the crop by drawing up all of the loose soil around the plants, leaving the ground between the rows hard and poor, neither the air or water could penetrate it. It did not occur to them that the soil should be kept light and loose enough for the air and water to have free access through it; so the old hoe was considered an excellent instrument and in fact it was for the purpose it was used. But as soon as it was found that in addition to the killing of weeds it was necessary to stir the soil, implements were invented to take the place of the hoe. We have not yet got just what we need to cultivate properly and easily around growing plants in the garden. The wheel hoes in the market are not made just as they should be; most of them are too heavy, and they failto leave the soil as fine as it should be; in fact the inventors, most of them, still keep to the idea that all the work to be done is to kill the weeds; and we are sorry to be obliged to acknowledge that in many gardens they fail to do even that, for a hand wheel hoe, if not run through the garden before the weeds get two or three inches high, it is a worse implement than the common hoe. When the wheel hoe is to be used it must be started as soon as the weeds are up, and run often enough to prevent them ever getting more than two inches high. The wheel hoe when run through the garden often enough can be made to go over a quarter of an acre of land in less than one hour and a half. For field crops the horse hoe and cultivator should be used.

He who would grow the largest crop with the expenditure of the least labor and material should see to it that his soil is thoroughly prepared just before the seed is planted, and also after the plants are up that the soil is stirred often enough to keep a crust from forming on the surface; if this be done there will be no trouble about the weeds.

FIELD EXPERIMENTING.

Professor Armsby of the University of Wisconsin, contributes an article of much interest on the above subject to the Popular Science Monthly of a recent issue, of which we willingly avail ourselves to select a few points. The field experiment is stated at the outset to be the oldest, the commonest, and the most popular form of agricultural experiment. Agriculture having passed its rudest and most primitive stages, the idea readily suggested itself of testing the value of different manures, of different modes of culture and treatment, and of different kinds and varieties of plants by means of comparative trials on adjacent plots of ground. And thus was the agricultural field experiment initated. Rude as it must have been at first, the fundamental idea was essentially scientific, and the experiments are still the same in purpose and essence, though their details may have become gradually refined and their errors of method been eliminated. Field trials, says Prof. Armsby, deal with subjects of constant and absorbing interest to the farmer in a way readily comprehended.

But he says that when we come to look for the results of all this work, the wonder is that they are so extremely meagre in comparison with the expenditure of time and labor which they have cost. In this present day of agricultural experimentation, which is attracting such attention as it never did before, field experiments are multiplied on every hand, and they are rightly regarded as one of the chief ends, if not the chief end, of experiment stations and experimental farms. In both Europe and America, a great deal of time and money has been expended upon them, and organizations have undertaken them, and so have private farmers, too, been urged to experiment on their own farms, and with a view to obtain a better knowledge of the needs and capacities of of their soils and in the hopes of advancing agricultural science. Although many valuable results have been reached, it is asserted that their number is relatively small, while the number of uncertainties and contradictions is remarkably great. Prof. Armsby thinks that the weakest part of agricultural chemistry is that which relates to fertilizers and manures, while that is the very part which we should expect to find well developed.

This is why, he adds, the thoughtful students of agricultural science are searching for a reason for such unsatisfactory returns from a method which is apparently based upon a correct principle, and which has been executed with so much labor and care. Two German investigators, Prof. Wagner, in Darmstadt and Prof. Drechsler in Gottingen, have of late devoted special attention to this question, and reached some interesting and important results. Working independently of each other, the substantial agreement of their conclusions, is strong evidence of the correctness of the same. Although the fundamental idea of the field experiment is essentially scientific, Prof. Armsby nevertheless says, that a critical examination shows that the way in which this idea has been carried into execution has been far from scientific. The field experiment, he asserts, has sinned against both of the requirements of science, which are— that all the conditions of the experiment must be identical, except the one whose action is to be tested, and that must vary to a known extent only, — and that the limits of error in the methods of weighing, measuring, etc. used must be known, in order to know whether any deserved difference is accidental or significant.

The sin chiefly committed against these requirements is that the field experiment has assumed uniformity of conditions instead of proving it. It is no such easy matter to attain uniformity of soil over any considerable area, even where there exist no marked variations, where there are to be found sufficient difference in adjoining plots to make the result of no fixed value. For examples there are differences in the available amount of plant-food, the physical properties of the soil constitute an important factor; and the crop may still further be effected by the differences in the depth or texture of field or a sub-soil, by the greater or less proportion of organic matter, by a difference in the color of the surface, and by a variation in the moisture of the soil. Thence it becomes imperative to know the amount of probable variation between different plots. Experimenting without manuring is of great value, yet there is not enough in two plots may yield a marked difference in results in different seasons; and they may also show the same yield when unmanured, and yet be differently affected by the same manuring. The two German professors above named have proceeded to solve the problem in different ways.

In order to control the natural variation of the soil, Prof. Drechster duplicates the manurings, applying the same treatment to a number of plots scattered over the field. What he aimed at was to show that the average yield of these several plots is more likely to correspond to the yield of the whole field under the same manuring than any singleplot would do; and that the variations of the several plots from the average will furnish a measure of the uniformity of the soil, and also show whether a given difference in the final results of two kinds of manuring is significant, or is merely accidental. It seems, at any rate, to be established that differences in the season, whether wet or dry, may have a deciding action on the action of manures, and that this source of uncertainty in the interpretation of the results can be eliminated only by continuing the experiments for a number of years. A large proportion of Drechster's experiments have done no more than demonstrate that the soil was too unequal to admit of successful field trials. This is about all the result which he has arrived at from the experiments in the field so far carried on by him.

Prof. Wagner first tried field experiments on very small plots, separated from each other by walls of masonry, treating with a care that compensated for their small size. He, too, repeated the manuring several times, but the results were not satisfactory, owing to the unequal distribution of water among the plots. He finally abandoned this method and adopted that of pot experiments. For pots he uses cylindrical vessels of zinc, 19 1-2 inches high and 9 3 4 inches in diameter. They are uniformly filled with carefully mixed soil, and provided with an arrangement by which the water of the soil is automatically replaced as fast as it evaporates. Pure materials can be used as fertilizers in such small pots, and duplicate trials can also be easily multiplied. Some very interesting results have been yielded already. The conditions are of course different from those in the field experiments, but the advantage is that they are all under control. This is shown by considering the effects of a deficient supply of water. It is more often this than the diverse manuring that will determine the amount of the crop. The purely scientific problems in the case can be solved only by scientific methods of experiment, in which all the conditions are under control.

MEETING OF FARMERS

At the New England Agricultural Hall, Ploughman Building, 45 Milk St., Boston, Saturday, April 25, 1885.

CONTINUED DISCUSSION ON "FORAGE CROPS," OR "What Crops to Grow for Feeding Animals."

O. B. HADWEN in the Chair

MR. EDWARD ATKINSON, the well-known Statistician, Leads the Discussion.

OTHER ADDRESSES BY

ELDRIDGE CUSHMAN, President of the Plymouth County Agricultural Society! GEORGE CREED, of Nova Scotia; BENJ. P. WARE; LEANDER WETHERELL; CHARLES H. SMITH, and others.

Phonographically Reported expressly for the Mass. Ploughman.

REPORT CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

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[We continue from last week's issue of the *Ploughman*, the complete phonographic report of the spirited discussion following the addresses at the Farmers' meeting in Ploughman Building, April 25.—ED.]

REMARKS OF MR. CUSHMAN.

[In reply to Questions.]

Mr. Chairman—I always plant some field corn I plant it three and a half feet apart each way; I do not hoe or hatchet, and perhaps it may not be uninteresting to you, for me to give you my method of planting corn. Perhaps it may be different from some of your methods. I want barn manure enough to go over the corn land well. I want all the nitrogen I can get in barn manure. It is found very largely also in cotton seed meal, and I don't need to buy any nitrogen. After putting it on the surface and ploughing it in to about the depth of six or seven inches, I go over the land with a fertilizer spreader and put on usually at the rate of 800 pounds of ground bone and 200 pounds of muriate of potash, or a half ton in all to the acre. I also put on about three cords of manure to the acre, or from two to three cords as my manure holds out. I then harrow in with a Thomas harrow this ground bone and muriate of potash. Then it comes to marking out and I have a machine that my man invented. I went to the blacksmith and got an iron "ex" that fitted the hind wheels of my buggy and had it made so that the wheels would run three and a half feet apart. My man took a horse rake frame and the shafts that he took from my tiger rake and mounted them, and after the ex had all thoroughly harrowed with a wheel harrow and a Thomas harrow, he took one of the working oxen that would walk fast,—there is a great difference in horses, some will go right along and walk over twice as much land as the others,—and went out to mark the piece, riding over these wheels. He would go over the whole piece of land very readily. He can go straighter with it than you can draw a chain, and he is making two marks at a time.

After he has been both ways we are ready for the corn planter. The rows are pretty straight, and in fact you must have a corn planter, for it plants nearly five or six acres a day, and it is a great convenience.

Mr. WETHERELL.—How much does your manure cost you per acre, the manure and fertilizer?

Mr. CUSHMAN.—I consider the manure that I make better than that I buy in the city, and city manure costs me on the ground eight dollars a cord.

Mr. WETHERELL.—That is $24 then, to an acre.

Mr. CUSHMAN.—It probably is not over $20 to the acre, for I always consider that the land is in better condition after a corn crop than before.

A LISTENER.—I would like to ask you if you could use a tiger horse hoe to that working and by tying up the teeth which you don't wish to use?

Mr. CUSHMAN.—You see, sir, that in order to use this machine which I have described, the man sits on it and the horse walks right in the middle of a row. He soon becomes accustomed to drive three and a half feet from the last row. He can look over the field easily and take care that he does not get the rows farther apart than the mark. Although the horse walks quickly, the man will drive three and a half feet from the mark without troubling his head, and walking the horse can go over a day, both ways, easily.

Well, then, every week till the corn is about six inches high we go over the field with a Harrow and leave the land lying up light. Then every week till the corn covers the ground we go over it with the horse hoe in one way or another.

A LISTENER.—Why not go both ways?

Mr. CUSHMAN.—Because we go one way one week and at the next hoeing we go another way. One man could go over 25 acres in that way and could back all the weeds that have grown. Perhaps that may be a little too strong, but there will be almost no weeds whatever. The Thomas harrow will keep them down. When the corn is planted in the rows in this way, the horse going over the land will get about all the weeds there are, for there is but very little land that is not touched. Before haying the corn is up so that we have nothing to do but cultivating time.

Fodder Enough.

Now, gentlemen, you will see that I have had fodder enough. I am a little short just now on account of the cattle staying longer than I expected. But I have fed them liberally. Now in regard to fodder corn I have raised a good deal. There is one place where I would raise it. I have charge of 300 acres of land. This farm which I have brought up to a good condition was in some places, when I took it, uncultivated, with little bunches of briers, bushes and weeds. I understood the necessity of planting this wild land so it could be tended in this way. I like to plough early in the spring, in March, when the frost is coming out of the ground. Instead of ploughing and hoeing and digging up the weeds, I merely go along between the rows which I marked out with this machine. I put on a large quantity of fertilizer, in order to get these corn products, making the ground rich enough. I have had corn grow 10 to 12 feet high in a number of summers.

Feeding the Fodder in the Field

Well, what more under any system can you do better or cheaper than you can do under this system of cultivation. My time is not spent in harvesting, for I turn my cattle right on. Perhaps a majority of you would think that I was extravagant, but I follow this system a good deal and did last year. I tried it on two acres. My potatoes were heavily manured and on the Fourth of July morning we turned out and planted corn among the potatoes. When we came to dig the potatoes the corn was higher than a man's head and it was just in the milk. I had 30 head of cattle, but did not have any fall feed for them. Usually I would turn them into my pasture, but they had been eating good grass, so I turned them into that corn. The cows were hidden when they were not more than a rod in the piece so they could not be seen. I was away from home the first day that I did it and four or five kindly disposed people that were passing rode into the yard and told my wife that the cattle had broken into the corn. In a few days they had made a most slovenly looking mess. The cattle had knocked it down and they had made it suffer pretty severely.

Now, gentlemen, where was not on that whole two acres 25 pounds of stalks that could be carried off. I was surprised. Those cattle would visit that field daily, usually once a day, and keep eating and eating at those stalks, some of which were large enough for bean poles until they were about gone. When I came to see what there was left of those corn stalks I expected to find a considerable quantity, but was surprised to find that there was hardly anything remaining so that my plough would cut through them without difficulty.

I found that a cheap way of harvesting my forage crop.

Gentlemen, the great source of outgo with me, as I suppose it is with you, is the labor of producing the crops. It is a great drain on the farm and it is hard work to get good, efficient help. In regard to the question that I spoke of, I turned my cattle upon is and I had 25 acres which I cultivated with only the labor of harrowing in the way of tending and yet I hired all the men that I could find good for anything. I have had to hire for years. So it is more profitable to turn the cattle in and let them eat the forage crop where it is possible.

A LISTENER—Do you stook your corn? Did you stook those 25 acres?

Mr CUSHMAN—Yes, it was all stooked and carried to the barn and husked. Gentlemen, my voice is giving out. Would any of you like to ask me any questions?

A LISTENER—Did you let your cattle stay in the corn all day?

Husking in the Western Style.

Mr CUSHMAN—I did, because they were in condition to stand all they could eat. This year I intend to plant six acres in the same way and I shall try another experiment which I shall be pleased to report to the farmers this coming winter. I intend to husk five or six acres in the field in the western style. I have tried to farm it thoroughly and be called a neat, snug, trim farmer, and I have thought sometimes that I did it almost at the expense of my pocketbook. A friend gave me the idea this last season when I was cutting up my corn. He asked me why I did not put a basket before my horse's nose and go into the field with two men and husk the corn and throw it into the wagon. Each man would husk two rows. They would take one on each side of the wagon and one each in the rear. You can gather your corn much faster so than you can the old way and you can let it stand after it is husked till November and December and let your cattle go through it and eat. I have no doubt that they will eat most of it about as much as they will eat in the barn. Whether they will give as much milk is a matter I shall experiment upon and see how much difference it makes with the corn stalk to stand out and be exposed to the weather in November and December.

I have been all through the cutting process. I have cut up corn stalks for cattle. I have hired men to cut them into the cutting box. I do not all know what has been said in favor of cutting corn stalks in our papers, and I am fully satisfied that cattle can chop them into lengths to suit themselves cheaper than I can hire men to do it.

Discussion.

Mr. WETHERELL.—If you feed out your stalks in that way how will you keep your cattle through the winter?

Mr. CUSHMAN.—I should put them up into the barn. Cows will not go out in inclement weather, and I propose to use only a portion of the corn in the experiment.

Mr. WARE.—In turning cows into a field of corn will they not waste a great deal, and will cows get off the ears first and eat more than would be healthful for them.

Mr. CUSHMAN.—That would be a matter for the farmer to grind and decide. If it is possible I should take them out and drive them into the yard and let them go into the corn again the latter part of the day. As I remarked the cow that has been having full feed in nice, rowen hay perhaps, feeding heartily, will stand it. Care must be taken not to let the cows have too much of the corn for it is that you can grow forage better than we. When we compare that difference, I say, between your experience and ours, we learn, as the gentleman who spoke before me has said, that every farmer must first, in setting up his farming, not only study his farm and the locality, but the climate and soil and his own disposition.

But I am only taking up your time. This question of silos and ensilage is with us becoming a very important one, and we have the same difference of opinion that I find expressed here. Some who have watched carefully the processes of their neighbors refuse to try it. Others, again, are successful as to their results. If you in Massachusetts can, as the first speaker has suggested, raise your own beef not only cheaper but better than you can import it, why may not we way down East, as much as we regret it, Mr. Lord is one of the best dairymen in Illinois, called the Garden State. But for the necessity of rotation of crops maize might be deemed the farmers' best forage crop to be grown continuously.

Forage Production.

Thus have I briefly and very imperfectly sketched a partial list of forage crops of the farm. Before sitting down I wish to invite special attention to a common repetition in the statistics of farm crops. In the statistics of the United States, both the National and the State, it is so of New England: animal forage products figure three times, first, as return from meadows or hay fields, then as return for live animals, and lastly, as return from slaughtered animals. These three are but one: it is the return from slaughtered animals that should be taken, adding it to the milk of cows and the wool of sheep; all the rest are but a series of means of production, by which the real production is arrived at, to wit, that which serves for human consumption or use, whether upon the farm itself or beyond it. It is an error to take into account the quantity of grain necessary for renewing seed. Seed is not named as a production but capital. The land does not give it until after it has received it. Finally it is out of the question to include it as is done in some statistics, the value of straw and manure. Manure is evidently a means of production; as for straw it constitutes a product only so far as it is used beyond the farm. Everything consumed on the farm is a means of production, such as the food of working animals and even of animals generally kept on the farm, litter, manure, seed, all should be reckoned as the means of production and not as products. That only is really a product which may be sold off or given in wages.

If you reckon hay as a forage production, why not the pasture grass, as it supports the live stock while grazing as the dried grass (hay) does in the winter. If the latter be a product then why not the former also? I have introduced this seeming digression, as it may appear to some, in connection with the discussion of forage crops, because of the error of reckoning hay as a production while the pasture forage is left out. Both are alike as I view them, the means of production and not productions to be exported from the farm as is cotton from the cotton-growing belt, and fruits from the West Indies.

Mr. HADWEN—We should like to hear from Mr. Smith of Sharon Heights, who has lived in Russia and China upwards of twenty years.

REMARKS OF MR. SMITH.

Mr. Chairman, I am not a practical farmer, but I take an interest in the ensilage question. I have seen its cultivation in other parts of the world, and not being a practical farmer I cannot understand the why and wherefore of what I have seen. But ensilage I first heard of when I came here and it reminded me of a well I once dug out in Russia. It was the right mold to begin with. I dug through yellow clay,—but at first there was a mold of a depth of seven or eight inches—and then yellow clay and finally blue clay for six feet down. Then a layer of yellow straw under that the depth of about six feet and as soon as I heard of ensilage I believed in it at once. Many people appear to disbelieve it. When I hear and read of the intelligent speeches that have been made before this meeting, I am surprised that our New England farmers are so slow in taking it up. I visited a farm yesterday in Walpole. Indeed, I visited two farms. On one of them the farmer declared that the only good thing about a farm was ensilage. It is the surest thing. I visited another farmer yesterday in the same place and he stated that he has cut 230 tons of corn fodder from twelve and one half acres, manured with three tons of phosphates and the manure for six months from 20 cows. He has cut that amount of fodder from that land had been nearly run out and had hardly been used for 15 years. I don't know any other acts of importance to call attention to on the subject, but it seems strange to me that our farmers are so slow to pick it up.

I find that the Chinese are the most patient, economical cultivators in the world that I have seen. They have a habit of saving all their manure and anything they can make into manure. One of their manure heaps is a great curiosity. They make it under ground of a size in the form of a jug, and perhaps it will hold 1500 or 2000 gallons. It depends on the means of the farmer. It is arranged at the top so that one can easily throw things in, and into that the farmer throws everything. He may have two or three such places. He throws in all his old vegetable matter and keeps it pretty tight. Of course some of the gases escape, and when the time comes for planting he takes it out and uses it very carefully. It strikes me as a very economical way of manufacturing manure. I don't know whether it can be applied here or not.

Mr HADWEN—It could be used here, I think in about the same way.

Mr SMITH—And the forage crops these ways will not be of use to you. They do not use milk as we do, or make butter and cheese in any part of China.

A Chinese Farmer's Forage Crop.

In the northern part of China, called Manchuria, between New Chuang near the Vechele Gulf and Hunchun on the Tumen River, lat. 38 deg. to 42 deg. north, they cultivate very especially millet and beans. I believe that they could be cultivated here by New England farmers with profit, as the climate is nearly the same.

The millet is similar to that known here as German; is yellow, larger grain than the Hungarian, or Gorman, but not so large. It is sown near the middle of May in drills two feet apart and three inches (nearly) between each seed, cultivated and hoed between the rows similar to corn here in drills; ripens about October first; grows about five feet high, bears one head and sometimes two, and is most prolific. By actual count I found four heads that averaged each over three thousand four hundred seeds. It is the staple food consumed by the inhabitants of the northern part of China, and over fifty million people, and is as important to them as the rice crop to the southern Chinese.

The straw is cut by hand as we do corn, bunched as we do rye or wheat, and stacked on a raised wooden platform to dry. This platform being near some hard trodden ground where the grain is threshed in the winter after the ground is frozen; the threshing being done with flails when in small quantities, and by oxen hauling a stone roller when quantities are to be threshed. It is winnowed, hulled, cooked and eaten the same as rice. The straw is esteemed fully as valuable for feeding cattle and horses as good English hay, and is the principal fodder given to them during winter.

Of beans there are many kinds. The most common is the yellow. They are yellow, round like our common peas, but much larger, and double, and will weigh about forty eight pounds per bushel. The pod is covered with prickles and so are the vines and plants; they are also cultivated the same as our beans; stacked and threshed the same as millet. The stalks are used only for bedding and manure. The bean is principally used for horses and cattle, and ground as three pounds of oats; for cattle it is cracked and water-soaked or boiled. The bean is also steamed, ground, and pressed into large 100 pound cakes, and yields in the process from eight to ten per cent. of oil; the cakes being used for feeding stock and shipping to Southern China by millions of tons and used as a fertilizer. The oil is used everywhere in China for culinary, lighting and lubricating, and many other purposes. Soy, a kind of card, and vermicelli is manufactured in immense quantities from this bean and enters into their economy as much as corn, beans, peas, barley, rye and oats combined are with us. The bean is also used as a whole to sheep. I think seed could be procured through the Agricultural Department at Washington.

Standing Between the two Extremes.

Mr WETHERELL—I wanted to add that I read this present winter in the Country Gentleman of a man who was utterly opposed to feeding ensilage to cows, and furthermore, that all those in his neighborhood who had gone into it were giving it up, and had had enough of it. Standing as I do between the two extremes, the advocates of ensilage and those who oppose it, when I hear of a farmer like Mr. Atkinson take such very strong ground on one side of the subject, and when I hear the director of the experiment station at Newport attack it in his report of the experiment, I come to the conclusion that I shall have to wait, as I said at Kingston two or three years ago. Attending to the same place and he stated that he has cut 230 tons of corn fodder from twelve and one half acres, manured with three tons of phosphates and the manure for six months from 20 cows. He has cut that amount of fodder from that land had been nearly run out and had hardly been used for 15 years. I don't know any other acts of importance to call attention to on the subject, but it seems strange to me that our farmers are so slow to pick it up.

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The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1885

☞ *Persons desiring a change in the address of their paper must state where the paper has been sent as well as the new direction.*

MEETING OF FARMERS.

There will be a *Meeting of Farmers* at the Hall of the *Ploughman* Building, 45 Milk Street, Boston, on Saturday, May 9, 1885, at ten o'clock in the forenoon. The subject for discussion will be "*The Protective Tariff; its Relation to the Interests of the Farmer.*" Mr. Josiah Quincy has consented to lead the Discussion.

The subject for discussion at the Meeting of the Farmers in the *Ploughman* Building, on Saturday May 9th, is "The Tariff as it Affects the Farmers." It is in one sense apparently out of the regular course of topics that have constituted the series thus far treated at these meetings, since by many it might be regarded as more theoretical than practical, involving a conflict of opinions which cannot be said to rest on a sufficiently broad foundation of collected and organized facts. That, however, will for a long time continue to be an important incidental to any discussion of the tariff question. But so far as it is a matter that directly and indirectly affects the farmer's interests it certainly is a legitimate topic of discussion by him. In every attempted discussion of tariff imposition it has been roundly asserted at the beginning that farmers are the only class that do not get protection, and that if they were to set up a concerted claim to it there could not well be such a thing as a protective tariff at all. This broad view of the matter will unquestionably form an elemental part of the discussion on Saturday, while the speakers may be expected to argue that the great agricultural class of our population ought not to be prejudiced in their interests by protection, if they cannot all be protected themselves.

The present issue of the *Ploughman* opens with May. This brings us to the general planting time here in New England, the 10th of May being recognized as the date for the planting of corn, that being the accepted standard and for all other kinds of seeds. It is to be presumed, therefore, that the ground has been thoroughly prepared for the work now at hand. May, to be serviceable for the grass crop, should be "cold and wet." It is already too evident that the few unusually warm spells in April have caused it to shoot up faster than is good for it; it ought to grow horizontally before it grows perpendicularly. The wet keeps it back on the surface and gives it a tendency to spread at the roots, without which the crop is sure to cut light. How it will yet turn out remains to be seen. The season of planting, though a very busy one always, is an inspiring one. Then all things in the realm of vegetation are pushing out to bathe in the air and sunlight. Nature finds her voice once more in the varied channels through which she communicates by sound with the human spirit. The waters are all released and go swimming and bounding through the fields to the distant sea. The farmer enjoys all this as no other man can. He lives in it, and is a part of it all. And it is only through his work that he comes into the closest possible relations with the world.

We hear of spring freshets, this year, on one side and another, and at wide distances —in St. John River on the East, and out in Kansas on the West. The accumulations of snow, visited by the sudden heat, the mercury rising as high as ninety degrees in places, sufficiently account for it. A proper forest distribution would have prevented it, and saved bridges, banks, railroad tracks, mills, barns, farmhouses, cattle, and human beings. Is not all this worth protection, especially when it is to be secured by so simple means? Among the anomalies of April records is to be mentioned the case, in New York State, of a man's being fatally sunstruck, while within a distance of five miles snow lay drifted in the woods five feet deep. It was also recorded that in Chester, Vt., the thermometer one day registered over 80 degrees, when they were struggling through melting snow in the adjacent towns. Such contrasts are rarely offered for our observation. These returning freshets every spring ought to serve as notifications for us to renew the forests and thus protect the farms. The denudation of our hills has more to do with farm waste than any other single cause. A country well covered with woods is sure to be the one to hold its greatness and prosperity longest.

The war cloud in Europe and Asia is dissipated, perhaps permanently. The two parties to the dispute appear to be ready to refer it to arbitration for settlement. It is much to either induce or compel the Czar of Russia, confronted all the time as he is by an overwhelming military party in his own dominions, to accept the principle of arbitration in a dispute of such magnitude and ultimate consequences. It may seem to most people to be a comparatively trivial affair at best, but a principle may be contained in a small matter equally with a large one. In case the boundary question and that of the battle of March 30th, are satisfactorily adjusted by the chosen arbitrator, the result will not fail to stand out as a noble and impressive precedent for all time to the honor of Gladstone and his ministerial associates and the glory of an advancing civilization. Even if it be claimed that England has lost by a readjustment of the boundary line in Afghanistan, it will have to be admitted that she has gained immensely, and thereby achieved a memorable triumph, as a leading factor and influence in the progress of civilization,—a matter to be most seriously considered by the philosophic and reflective mind, though it be regarded with a feeling akin to contempt by the larger portion of mankind that traditionally holds to violent methods and invites the dreadful hurts and losses which war invariably inflicts.

This spell of cold and wet weather came just in time to check the precocity of April, with the mercury showing 80 degrees and the buds and grass shooting forth as by a process of magic. It was said almost with as much truth as humor that if such weather as that were to continue uninterrupted we should have haying before June. It was time to stop it. The reaction has set grass to work in the way it ought to work, that is, horizontally instead of perpendicularly, at this particular season. The buds, too, have received a set back, and will show all the better for it by and bye. The 10th of May is the usual corn planting time, but if it comes along later this year we may be pretty sure it will all be made up at the other end. With a good grass foundation, the farmer will feel himself strong. A light hay clip is always discouraging. It may not be so after our farmers have more generally become accustomed to feed green crops to their stock through the season and to store away all the ensilage required for winter sustenance and thrift. But during this period of experiment and transition the crop is the fundamental thing, and no farmer can calculate very safely or extensively without it. Therefore do we rejoice at the greatly changed prospect for grass, and trust that all the present expectations may be fully realized.

The Massachusetts Legislature has just done a long needed piece of legislative work, which will prove to be a great relief in numerous directions. It has passed a bill authorizing any depositary of money payable upon demand drafts, to pay such draft after the death of the maker of it, provided it is presented within ten days of its date. Such payment is authorized to be made in the case of savings banks within thirty days after the date of the order, provided the bank has not had actual notice of the death of the drawer. The owner of a check supposes he has the equivalent of cash in hand, and in his business transactions is willing to take it with that understanding. The law allows him so to regard it. And although it is allowed that there should be a time limited for its presentation for payment, yet there are certain contingencies, one of which is the death of the maker, which ought not to invalidate the right of the holder to realize its cash value nor to release the maker from his written responsibility. The purpose of the present law is merely to make effective in all cases the plain intent of both parties in the case and of all parties. The sudden death of a party giving checks has been the cause of much inconvenience in causing delay in collection, and oftentimes litigation and loss.

☞ *The Thirty second Annual Report* of the Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, for 1884, is received. It is, we need not say, a superior piece of work as a report and compilation. Secretary Russell's review of the agricultural work of the year within the State is full of salient points, and his passing references are fresh and impressive. The milk question occupies a conspicuous place in it, and justly. The spread of cholera among swine is discussed to the extent of the information so far obtained respecting its cause and cure. The annual Country Meeting of the Board of Agriculture, held in December at Great Barrington, and continuing three days, is reported faithfully, forming perhaps the most valuable portion of the volume. It is to be remarked for the variety of topics it discusses, the interesting features of the discussion, and the fullness, freshness, and comprehensiveness of the views advanced on each topic. The reading of it will help wonderfully in the perfection of a practical agricultural education. The paper presented by Prof. Goessmann on feeding experiments furnishes matter for patient and intelligent study by all those who have the care of live stock. The subjects of some of the other papers are fertilizers for fruit, contagious diseases among cattle, and field experiments at the State College. Added to all is the report of the committee on forest trees to the Essex Agricultural Society.

CHOLERA CONTAGION.

In view of the very just apprehensions of a visit of this dread epidemic to our shores, and of the care which is being taken by the authorities of our large cities to prevent its introduction into them by all the means at their disposal, it becomes a matter of prime interest that all the circumstances attending its threatened transfer across the Atlantic should be familiar to the public, in order that they may be prepared beforehand to oppose its landing or resist its spread after it shall have obtained a footing.

A competent writer on the subject in the Popular Science Monthly presents an array of timely facts and invaluable suggestions that deserve to become widespread just at the time when the common fears begin to be awakened and intensified by the nearness of the plague's approach. He states that the germs of cholera may be brought from a locality to a place where the necessary relations of time and place are not favorable for the epidemic development of cholera, and they may there slumber for a month before they develop. While India presents every chance for the propagation of cholera, it nevertheless shows itself only in districts lying outside the endemic area. Though the intercouse with India might be reduced to the least possible, yet cholera might visit us, as in the last century,

In places which enjoy immunity from epidemics sporadic cases may be conceived possible, but inasmuch as the conditions necessary to produce an epidemic are wanting no further development or spread can take place. Experience has shown that the medical attendants in cases of cholera are not more prone to take the disease than others. And the same may be said of nurses. Which goes to show, according to the writer,—a German specialist, whose article was first translated for the London 'Lancet',—that not only are measures of disinfection useless, but that the undisinfected excreta of cholera patients are harmless. We see not only individual cases but actual epidemics arising without the introduction of soiled linen. The infective material which produces cholera may be transmitted in other ways along the paths of human intercourse. The measures to be adopted for warding off cholera will naturally vary according to the theories respecting it. Those who hold to contagiousness propose as a preventive to restrict personal and material intercourse holding also that there are certain conditions of time and space favorable for the spread of cholera when the germs arrive at certain localities, and that the severity of the epidemic depends on the individual susceptibility. But this writer declares measures to prevent the spread of cholera by interfering with human intercourse to be for many reasons impracticable.

He says—"If we ask ourselves what good has resulted from sanitary cordons, inspection, and quarantine, we are bound to answer—None. All these measures have failed because they simply treat the individual, the possible case of cholera. But the germs of cholera may be transmitted in the absence of the disease as manifested by illness. Even perfect sanitary cordons and quarantine would be also valueless, for the reason that they are commenced too late." While it is true that quarantine and cordons may keep out a certain quantity of the germs of cholera from a country, serving as a customhouse does against smuggling, still articles of commerce and germs of cholera are different things. The latter multiply, so that the smuggling of a few may, under right conditions multiply to millions and billions. The inspection of ships may discover unhygienic conditions, but it is useless for preventing the transmission of cholera. Two much either, must not be expected from inspection of places where cholera prevails, or from the disinfection of articles coming from localities where cholera is, or of the places where the dead are laid. Protection from smallpox by vaccination, which leaves intercourse free, has been followed by success. But cholera cannot yet be treated with so simple and sovereign a remedy, and yet something can be done towards dissipating and overcoming the individual predisposition to cholera.

Everything, says this highly capable writer on the subject, which tends to lower the general health and cause depression, but especially those conditions which induce diarrhœa, predisposes to cholera. Each must take care of himself in this respect, taking advice from the doctors if necessary. The public organs of health may do much. Medical treatment should be sought for the earliest cases of cholera and of diarrhœa. Both the authorities and the community should take measures for the proper treatment of the sick. The difficult point, however, is the predisposition in time and place, which must be guarded against in the prevention of cholera. "One of the established facts respecting cholera epidemics is the tendency of the disease to rage in those quarters where the greatest filth prevails. All towns which have been provided with good drainage and water supply have lost their susceptibility to cholera. England affords the best example of this fact. In 1849 there were recorded 53,237 deaths from cholera; in 1850 the numbers were 20,097; and in 1866 only 14,378; while from 1872 to 1874, when several epidemics prevailed on the continent, cholera did not reach England." And the writer does not consider that this immunity was due to the want of predisposition to cholera as regards conditions of time. A good supply of water and improvements in the other matters of hygience are the chief reliance for prevention.

ENSILAGE AND BEEF.

There were certain considerations, besides some statistics, in the remarks of Mr. Edward Atkinson at the last Meeting of Farmers in this city, bearing on the relation of the above topics to one another, which should arrest the general attention of farmers at this time. The vital point of all was, that if ensilage proves successful in enabling our home farmers to raise beef as cheaply as, and then to bring it to market in much better condition than that which is transported half way across the continent, they ought to begin to raise beef as well as potatoes and poultry, and to make the most of a discovery that promises to be equivalent to a revolution in agricultural methods. If it shall finally be demonstrated that vast cattle ranges are not needed for the proper care of cattle, and that a three year old steer may be brought to slaughter just as easily with ensilage feeding as by the methods followed on the plains, then the conclusion will not be far to look for that our eastern farmers may profitably become cattle raisers and that means also that farming here can be as profitable as in the distant West. And easier, too; for the area of single farms with us is nothing like that of the average Western farm, while with the recognized cattle ranch it will bear no sort of comparison.

There is no question that the most profitable farming in the long run, and that which stays up the farming reputation of any section, is that which rests on the rearing and fattening of cattle for the market. This of course includes also the raising of dairy stock. The distant hill farmers are looked to for supplying the herds of milkers for the milk producing farmers, but they may also raise cattle for consumption, and it is fast becoming the settled belief that ensilage feeding is the thing to prove its possibility. It is for such a reason that it is desirable that farmers should make a patient and thorough experiment with ensilage, before discarding it as of no particular worth save as a spurt of an experiment in feeding. Cattle—manure—high farming, is the constituted order of things agriculturally. The fodder crops are thus rendered easier even for the hill farmers. In place, therefore, of our young men going far away from all the precious associations of home to spend their years in the benumbing solitudes of cattle ranches beyond the reach of civilization, they may raise all the beef they can sell on the acres on which or near which they have always lived, with the assurance of an abundant subsistence and an ample supply of what constitutes fortune. The outlook never was more promising. Only a few bold and persevering experiments are needed to induce us to keep our resources at home and here to increase them.

DOUBLE TAXATION.

The present law preventing the collection of two sets of taxes on the same property seems to have worked well enough for all sides unless it is the assessors, who are naturally desirous to get all they need with as little trouble as possible, as well as in the simplest and most direct manner. The repeal of this law is seriously proposed in the Massachusetts legislature, and the proposition has of late been under discussion in the committee room. It did not fail to be remarked that the testimony given against the present law was almost wholly given by tax assessors and tax collectors. The men who had property to borrow upon, and who might want to effect loans for business and other proper purposes, were conspicuously absent from the hearing before the committee as witnesses. These tax collectors even testified that there were men in some towns in the State who were regularly investing their property in mortgages for the sake of having it exempted from taxation. They were represented as wanting only to get out of the reach of the assessors. And these tax collectors told the committee in all seriousness that they were apprehensive that this new method of tax dodging would become so popular and prevalent as to ultimately strip their towns of the bulk of their taxable property.

It does look like a grave matter at first, and might naturally excite fears of a result very much like that stated. Therefore it is worth while to look at it, carefully. The real charge brought against the present law for bidding double taxation in this; that taxable property is liable to be turned into non-taxable property, and thus that the resources of town and State governments may be crippled or destroyed. Property that is unmortgaged can be lawfully taxed, whereas it becomes exempted by being converted into the form of mortgages. Or, more clearly and better, investments outside of the State are being changed, through mortgages, into investments inside the State. That is the very thing which the mortgage exemption law was designed to bring about. This money thus transferred to mortgages at home of course goes direct into the hands of men who heed it in their business operations and productive industries. The latter own property, and would be glad to raise something on it to help them elsewhere. That is just what this returned investment money does; and it visibly expands the solid wealth of the towns and cities of the State, and develops their resources, so that there is a good deal more actual property than before subject to taxation. Working capital is supplied to those who most need it, and the development of home industries is assured to their fullest extent. We need all our capital at home, and that cannot be a bad law which brings it home.

OUR WASTEFUL LAND SYSTEM.

The administration of the land system in this country is acknowledged by all who have given it any careful attention to be one of spoliation simply. The destroying elements are waste and fraud. The land grabs and land frauds compose a series whose length and thickness are appalling. Public lands worth from $25 to $100 an acre have been sold for $3 and less. A large tract was some years ago preempted as desert land, and an adjoining owner, by way of satirising comment, sent to the Interior Department a sweet potato weighing 17 pounds, raised on soil of precisely the same character which he owned and cultivated himself. Foreign companies have been gobbling up the timber lands without any respect for law, and the heavy forest growths have been ruthlessly stripped off, leaving the atmospheric forces to work without obstruction. As things are now going, we shall soon come to the end of the story without hastening. During the thirty years from 1850 to 1880, grants of 154,067,553 acres of the public lands were granted for railroad purposes.

It would be bad enough if that were all, but it is not; millions of acres have been stolen by corporations that have shown themselves powerful enough to defy the statutes. The Commissioner in office before the present one said the time is near at hand when there will be no public lands to invite settlement or afford citizens of the country an opportunity to secure cheap homes. Meanwhile, vast stretches of uncultivated lands are everywhere observable, title to which has been acquired by evasions of law. He added that the numerous methods of disposal now existing and the laxity of precautionary provisions against misappropriation, are resulting in a waste of the public domain, without the compensation attendant upon small ownerships for actual settlement." There is no successful disputing of the fact that millions of acres have been fenced without any show of legal right, while fraudulent entries continue to multiply beyond all rule. A land agent in New Mexico is quoted as computing that 90 per cent of the entries in that territory is fraudulent, and in Dakota three out of four entries are reported to be of the same character. It is full time for reform to begin.

A practical discourse full of facts and suggestions, on "Forests and Floods," was delivered before the Connecticut State Board of Agriculture by B. G. Northrup, L. L. D. who more practically discussed the question of promoting an interest in forestry. We have before us a pamphlet report of the address of Dr. Northrup, as well as of the interesting discussion in the Board which followed. We sincerely wish such literature could be distributed broadcast among our farmers. It would surely become prolific in ideas for them and stimulate them to immediate action as tree planters. Perhaps the one point chiefly emphasized in his address is Arbor Day, which has proved so far to be the true plan for interesting the schools in this subject and thus creating an abiding impression in favor of forestry. The American Forestry Congress recommended the observance of this day in all the States. Nebraska led off, and now has more than twice the cultivated woodland of any other State. In Kansas there are 119,682 acres of planted woodland. Michigan, Ohio, West Virginia, Indiana, Wisconsin, Colorado and Canada already observe Arbor Day in accordance with official proclamation, and it is expected that the next year's spring will witness its observance in all the States. The statistics that support the statements and arguments of Dr. Northrup are full of valuable instruction. He is the very man to be invited to address popular assemblies on this and the kindred topics of which he has made an enthusiastic study.

The Massachusetts House of Representatives has recently passed a bill that has caused no little comment from the daily press. The bill is intended to suppress trespassing, and it is especially in the interest of farmers and orchard owners. In order to enable them effectually to protect their property from marauders, it gives them extraordinary powers, making them to all intents and purposes policemen, and allowing the owners of land trespassed upon to arrest the trespasser on the spot and to hold him in custody if a constable is not to be found The cellar of the farmer's house or any of his outbuildings may thus be turned into a lockup by him. As human nature goes, it ought to be well known that it is by no means safe to trust all men, nor even many men, with full power to arrest another who may be guilty of trespass merely. The blood warms faster than it cools on such occasions and the instances are very rare where persons inexperienced in use of power otherwise than by an agent can be trusted to take into their own hands, for ever so brief a time, the vindication of their rights. It is true that trespassing can at certain times be made to try the temper of the sufferer to the utmost limit, but it is hardly worth while to make the matter still more aggravated by arming the land owner with special power.

Through the whole of this raging diplomatic strife between England and Russia, there is one man in Europe, the greatest politician of the present age, who sits silently looking on and watching the result. What that result is to be finally perhaps he knows better than any of the cabinets of Europe. It is wholly consistent with the facts that he has set all this rumpus on foot, that he might give England and Russia something to do, while he took advantage of their weakness from strife and the consequent isolation of France from all assistance to proceed with his own designs for Germany and give Austria her coveted chance to crowd down upon Turkey. In this way, while the Slavs, Teutons and Hungarians are held together in the bonds of a common conquest, the weak points of the German Empire are made strong without having to encounter the otherwise ready hostility of England, France or Russia. It is therefore not too much to believe and to say that Bismarck is at the bottom of this present commotion, and it is for that reason that we have been unwilling to think that Gladstone and Granville will be allowed to have the final handling of the matter to dispose of it according to their wishes. Bismarck to our apprehension, is the sphinx of this business, and no one can solve his riddle but himself.

☞ *The Popular Science Monthly* for May is an exceptionally strong and valuable number of this noble magazine. The influence it is exerting on the public mind is inestimable. The contents are—Our Recent Debts to Vivisection; Can Man be Modified by Selection?; Cholera, Part IV, Prevention, by Dr. Max von Pettenkofer; Methods of Teaching Political Economy, by Prof. Loughlin of Harvard University; Lost Colonies of America, by R. G. Hallburton; Religion without Dogma; A Scientific View of the Coal Question; The Nervous System and Consciousness, Second Paper, by W. R. Benedict, illustrated; Arctic Exploration and its Object; The Chemistry of Cookery, by W. Mattieu Williams; Pasteur's Researches in Germ-Life, by Prof. Tyndall; Training in Ethical Science; A Very Old Master; Sketch of M. Pierre E. Berthelot, with portrait; Correspondence, on the Fructification of the Fig, and Samp and Hulled Corn; Editor's Table; Literary Notices; Popular Miscellany; and, Notes. For sale by Cupples Upham & Co.

☞ The May number of *Cassell's Family Magazine* is remarkable for the number and variety of its stories; long and short, grave and gay, all are hereoffering their various attractions to the reader. They are real stories with flesh and blood characters and well constructed plot. Sergeant Ballantine's book on America is reviewed here at length and rather sarcastically treated.

☞ There are few things in connection with country residences, gardens, and lawns that at the present time engage more general attention than their proper irrigation. Farmers of the progressive stripe are giving the subject more thought than ever, satisfied by experience of the large importance of a sufficient water supply to growing crops as well as to the stock which their farms carry. The problem is simply how they may obtain an abundant supply of water at the least cost of labor and money. The windmill has done a great deal towards the satisfactory solution of this problem, and promises to do much more. What was not very many years ago considered but a plaything on a country place, has of late risen to the dignity of a machine ranking high in the grade of usefulness. From being but a rude and hideous structure it has become positively ornamental to a place in the country, presenting harmonious proportions in the landscape. Mr. L. H. Wheeler of Boston, Mass., is one of the pioneers in this peculiar branch of power economy, being a co-proprietor of the *Eclipse Windmill*, a thoroughly efficient and durable windmill, and from small beginnings his business has grown to one of vast proportions. He set out with the determination to build up this business in New England, and he has succeeded. Mr. Wheeler is General Agent of the "Wind Engine Company," No. 68 Pearl street, Boston, Mass.

TRIUMPH SOAP.—The Canton Manufacturing Company has just put upon the market a new soap under the name of "Triumph." Each cake is wrapped with a label bearing the trade mark which appears at the head of their advertisement. The attention of ladies is especially invited to the advantages of the Triumph Soap. It contains no rosin, sal-soda, or lime, or anything injurious to the skin, or the finest fabric. It is made under Patent owned by the Company on an entirely new principle. It will not full or harden woolens like rosin soap, and clothes washed with this soap are made unchanging white. It will remove even ink stains, yet is free from any injurious ingredients. Moreover it is an antiseptic soap, and on sanitary reasons is recommended for hospitals. Those who have tried it are enthusiastic in its praise. It is putup in round bars, made very hard, and is therefore economical. It is for sale by grocers generally, but if unable to find it at your ordinary place of trading send direct to the Company's office, 160 Congress street, Boston.

☞ "I feel bad!" Hunt's [Kidney and Liver] Remedy encourages sleep, creates an appetite, braces up the system, and repairs the wasted powers. $1.25 per bottle at druggists.

— The London Standard wonders if, in case of arbitrating the dispute between England and Russia over the recent battle in Afghanistan, Komaroff and Lumsden will be called to the witness stand. It adds that any such settlement, even if accepted by Russia, will only shelve the matter for a short time.

☞ Pains in back, or loins cured by the best kidney and liver medicine—Hunt's Remedy.

READ AND RUN.

—There are 180 churches in Washington, with a membership of nearly 50,000, of which, however, about 21,000 are in the colored churches.

—A life of the late "Chinese" Gordon is having a phenominal sale in Holland.

— It is well stated that people at large do not care for gold coin; they dislike silver, and prefer notes.

—The congress of churches to be held in Hartford, Conn., has the avowed object to promote ecclesiastical unity among Protestant Christians, and its aim is to reach this unity, not through a society, or creed, or formal plan, but through a full and frank discussion of the great question in which the Christians of America are interested. The idea is, to discuss matters which concern the Christianity common to all.

—It never can become a reproach, in a free country, that any of its citizens are desirous of entering the public service.

—A traveller through the South writes that white men are seldom seen working in the fields; the negros doing the work.

— It is written by one who best knew him of the late Isaac W. England, publisher of the New York Sun, that no honester man ever lived, for his honesty was fundamental and ingrained in his character. Sorrow and need were ready passports to his heart. He corrected the errors and child the faults of the necessitous with biting speech, with tears in his eyes, and a helping hand.

—The famous Sea Island cotton of South Carolina is now in very small demand, few planters having sold their last year's crop. It was formerly used to adulterate silk, but by the improvements in machinery ordinary cotton may be used for thread and other purposes, as well as the long staple.

— A Brooklyn justice wakes up in time to declare that "this infernal business of posting infamous pictures will have to be stopped."

—Staten Island, N. Y., contains some very old and lusty residents. There are several old farmers in the interior, and oystermen and fishermen along shore, who are more than 80 years old. The oldest of them all is 97 years old, and still a hard working laboring man. A captain at Clifton, who is past 80 years, can row a skiff, handle a tiller, and take clams as well as any man on the island, and he was recently married.

—The ninth annual meeting of the National Association of Trotting Horse Breeders will be held at Island Park, Albany, during the State Fair in September.

— A public farewell dinner is to be given to the retiring American Minister, Mr. Lowell, in London.

— The "Japanese village", an extensive exhibit in London, was destroyed by fire last week. It consisted of five streets, and contained a temple, a theatre, houses wherein the villagers dwelt, and shops all filled with goods from Japan. An hundred natives of Japan occupied the houses in the village, all of whom escaped. The village, houses and shops were occupied by natives pursuing their several occupations, as in a village in Japan.

— The Boston Towboat Company intends to keep a powerful tug boat, steam pumps, lighter, and a complete wrecking established at Vineyard Haven during the summer.

— A new trade paper started in Boston is named Fibre and Fabric, to be devoted to the woolen and cotton industries exclusively.

— Obituary records in the journals would certainly seem to imply that longevity is on the increase in America.

— The eyes of Russians and Englishmen have long been fixed not more intently on Afghanistan than on Berlin, where the arbiter who struck up their crossed swords in 1878 now remains an inscrutable, impassive spectator of their warlike preparations. If Bismarck wanted peace he would have said so, and long ago the war clouds would have vanished from the sky.

— The annual May tournaments or prize drills, for superiority between the crack militia companies of the south are to take place this year at Mobile and New Orleans.

— A leading New York journal says, if the Legislature may fix the price of gas, it may also fix the price of flour, sugar, and house rent. It may enact that no widow shall enjoy an income above a hundred dollars a year, that no orphan child shall wear anything but a calico dress. Of course such legislation cannot stand.

— London has for sometime past, so far as her commercial interests are concerned, has been doing business on a war basis.

— Of the thirteen or fourteen million foreign immigrants this country has received during the present century, four fifths have come from other countries than England.

— Some one says that history, instead of crawling through aces like a worm, marches briskly today with seven mile boots.

— The main object of Prince Bismarck in occupying diverse territories in Africa and Pacific islands is the foundation of commercial colonies, the opening of new markets for home production, and the creation of seaports controlling these markets. They are not needed now, but it is mainly for the future that he is working, and working without any serious sacrifice.

— Secretary Manning has ordered all the wires on the Treasury building to come down by June 30. The roof of the building is found to be seriously damaged by the incessant travel of the line men.

HIGHER PRICES FOR BUTTER.

All dairymen who use Wells, Richardson & Co's. Improved Butter Color, agree that it increases the value of butter several cents a pound. It is pure and harmless, communicates instant use, has no taste or odor, and gives a clear, golden richness to the butter. It is the very best butter color obtainable, and is not expensive. In every State in the Union the demand for it is increasing.

— The Globe Theatre of Boston with the aid of Joe Jefferson and others, has done something effective for the pedestal of the Bartholdi statue of liberty this week.

BREACH, RUPTURE OR HERNIA.

Cures guaranteed in the worst cases. No knife or truss treatment. Pamphlet and references, two letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

— Few instances of death from the meteoric stones are recorded. The known individual cases date back as far as about the year 1020.

☞ LADIES, be very cautious how you tamper with samples of the many *vile counterfeits* offered you, which may prove very damaging to the fabric and hands; and instead of these *similar appearing* packages, be sure to get the only *harmless* article for laundry and kitchen use, the original JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE. Sold by all Grocers.

— The question of the real ownership of the Battery in New York is in dispute, and the corporation counsel has been called upon for an opinion.

THEY WILL NOT DO IT.

Those who once take Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" will never consent to use any other cathartic. They are pleasant to take and mild in their operation. Smaller than ordinary pills and inclosed in glass vials; virtues unimpaired. By druggists.

— In place of travelling bards singing their ballads, we now have romancers reading their own romances to the collected public at so much per head.

☞ KNOW THYSELF, by reading the "SCIENCE OF LIFE," the best medical work ever published, for young and middle-aged men. apr11-y

MARRIAGES.

In this city, at Hotel Vendome, April 30th, by Rev. George H. Young, assisted by Rev. S. C. Beach of Dedham, Moses Gardner Boyd to Harriet Tracy Wolcott, both of Dedham.

In this city, April 30th, by Rev. T. J. B. House, Mr. Clement Pulling to Mrs. Martha J. Sampson, both of Watertown.

In this city, April 30th, by Rev. James Freeman Clarke, Charles H. Andrews of Newton to Sarah P. Billings of Boston.

In this city, May 2d, by Rev. A. A. Miner, Mr. Harris N. Fisher of Boston to Mrs. Ada E. Blake of Walpole.

In Chelsea, April 30th, by the Rev. F. W. Baldwin, George H. Burbank of West Brookfield to Addie S. Abora of Chelsea.

In Cambridge, April 30th, by Rev. D. McFail, Byron A. Church to Annie B. Riley, both of Boston.

In Hill, N. H., April 30th, by Rev. E. H. Wright, Daniel R. Wright of Sanbornton, N. H., to Fannie M. Little of Hill, N. H.

In Newburyport, April 30th, by Rev. D. W. Morehouse, John M. Pettingill to Miss Caroline Fowler.

In Arlington, April 29th, by Rev. Mr. White of Newtonville, Rev. Charles A. Knickerbocker of Meriden, Conn., to Miss Nellie H. Swan of Arlington.

DEATHS.

In this city, April 22d, May 1st, Edwin M. Thomas, 24 years 9 months 4 days.

In Harvard, April 23d, Caleb Strong Gerry, 70 years 7 months 9 days.

In Ipswich, April 30th, Mrs. Louisa Sweet, widow of the late Daniel Lo Wilcomb, 70 years 8 months.

In Malden, April 29th, Cynthia P., wife of Lewis B. Brown, 68 years.

In Somerset, April 29th, Ann W., wife of Dudley R. Palmer.

In Everett, April 30th, Samuel Pierce, 80 years 2 months 13 days.

In Jamaica Plain, April 30th, John Hamilton, 87 years.

In Arlington, May 1st, Joseph Teel, 84 years.

In Cambridge, May 4th, John Wesley Bradley, 87 years.

In North Franklin, May 2d, Geo. Newell Fuller, 65 years.

In Malden, Mass., May 3d, John Marsh, 80 years 9 months 6 days.

In North Weymouth, May 4th, Mary W., widow of the late Jonathan D. Pratt, 56 years 1 month.

In Brighton, May 3d, Hattie C., eldest daughter of Albert A. and M. A. Taylor.

In New York, May 3d, Edwin O. Tufts, in the 61st year of his age.

In Roxbury, May 2d, Oliver Whyte, Esq., of Brookline, 64 years 7 months.

ROYAL

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall-st., N. Y. nov6-1m

Cattle Markets.

BRIGHTON AND WATERTOWN.

Reported expressly for the Mass. Ploughman.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING May 9.

Amount of Stock at market:—

	Beeves.	Sheep.	Shoats	Fat Hogs.	Veal
This week.	3734	16,712	282	9,814	201
Last week.	1739	9,855	102	16,812	183
One yr ago	3314	6,073	141	15,399	181

Horses..... 460

Prices.

Beef—per 100 lbs. on total weight of hide, tallow and meat, extra, $6 00@6 50; first quality, $5 00@5 50; second quality, $4 00@4 75; third quality, $3 a few choice single pairs, $; some of the poorest, bulls, &c., $4 00@4 50.

Working Oxen.—$100@225 ; @ handy steers, $60@120 or much according to their value for beef.

Cows and Young Calves.—Fair quality, $25@38; extra, $40@48; farrow and dry, $15@35.

Fancy milch Cows, $50@80.

Stores.—Thin young cattle for farmers—yearlings $10 00@20 00; two-year olds, $14@30; three-year old, $24@42.

Sheared sheep—Per lb, live, 2@4½ cts; extra 5@5½c. Sheep and Lambs by head, in lots, $3 00@5 25 Spring Lambs $4 50@5 50 per head. Yearlings @ c. Last year Lambs @ c per lb.

Fat Hogs.—Per lb 4½@5c, live weight; shoats, wholesale, 6@7c; retail, 7@7½c N Y Figs, @ Northern Dressed Hogs, 6½@6½c. Suckling pigs, @ 9

Veal Calves.—2@5½c. per lb.

Hides.—Brighton, 7½@7½c per lb; country lots, 6½@7c; light, @ .

Slags and Bull Hides, &c; heavy, @c.

Calf Skins.—Brighton, 10@11c per lb; country lots, 9@10c

Pelts.—62@81 12 each; Country skins, 62@1 12 dairy skins, 50@75c.

Sheared Skins, @ c each; Lamb skins 35@50c each.

CATTLE AND SHEEP FROM SEVERAL STATES.

	Beeves.	Sheep.		Beeves.	Sheep.
Maine			New York	30	
N. Hampshire	99	1443	R I & Conn		
Vermont	205	2 79	Western	1984	12,950
Massachusetts	95	240	Canada	96	
			Provinces		
Total					16,712
Left over					

CATTLE AND SHEEP AT RAILROAD.

	Beeves.	Sheep.		Beeves.	Sheep.
Fitchburg	415	2400	Eastern	71	
Lowell	186	673	Old Colony		
Boston & Alb.	2014	12,800	Old Colony & Fall River	50	
N Y & N E			Boston & Me		
Total					16,712

Drovers & Sprcrs.	Cattle	Sheep.	Cattle & Sheep at	Cattle	Sheep.
Maine.			H N Jenne	1	12
Gilnes-Weston	23		R E French agt	3	800
C H Coolidge	10		C P Burke	1	150
Libby-Sen	36		J Ballard		148
New Hampshire.			M S Lovell	9	125
M Pike	116		A H Edwards	19	
Sargent & Freeman	116		A B Tinker	18	
Breck & Wood	12	800	M C Roundy	4	200
Aldrich & Johnson	46	291	V Whipple	59	
Dow & Moulton	2		J Bowen	4	26
J O Sanborn	27		**Massachusetts**		
Hooper	354		G W Jones		90
L F Ward	66		H Bird & Co	1	
Vermont.			J S Henry	44	65
W A Farnham	7		**New York.**		
G B Evans	11		S Y Southworth	30	
M G Flanders	86		**Western States.**		
Hall-Seaver	2	33	Hathaway & Jackson	224	
B S Hastings	30	30	J B Thomas		400
W Ricker	3		A N Monroe	1660	
Sargent-Turner	5	91	Hollis & Co		9,700
J Carroll	9		Dan Brown		250
C Kimball	6	115	G A Sawyer		250
H Ingerson agt	9		E H Eames	34	
J Engram	6		Farrell & McFlynn	66	
P Sullivan	1		**Canada.**		
Martin-Squier	5		A N Monroe	354	
A Williamson	19				
W B Remick	9				

OWNERS OF VEALS.

MAINE.—Glines & Weston, 4; F. S. Coolidge, 10; Libby & Son, 69.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Mr. Pike, 9; Sargent & Freeman, 27; Breck & Wood, 60; Aldrich & Johnson, 51; Dow & Moulton, 135; J. O. Sanborn, 30.

VERMONT.—W. A. Farnham, 6; G. B. Evans, 33; M. G. Flanders, 79; Hall & Seaver, 97; B. S. Hastings, 17; W. Ricker, 68; Sargent & Turner, 38; F. S. Kimball, 148; H. Ingerson, agent, 102; F. Engram, 105; Piper & Pond, 169; Martin & Squier, 69; A. Williamson, 103; H. N. Jenne, 40; R. E. French, agent, 37; C. P. Burke, 24; G. H. Springer, 83; M. C. Roundy, 28

A Sensation

of relief is sure to follow the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and thousands thankfully acknowledge its good effects. Charles C. Smith, Craftsbury, Vt., says: "I have been troubled, for a long time, with a humor, which appeared on my face in ugly pimples and blotches. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me. I consider it the best blood purifier in the world."

In Court

one who needs help is indeed fortunate who finds a friend. But he is still more fortunate who discovers that he may eradicate the poisons of scrofula from his system by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Scrofula is one of the most terrible of all diseases. It is in the blood, corrupting and contaminating every tissue and fiber in the whole body. Patrick

Judge

of the feelings of Mrs. T. P. Cushing, 87 Suffolk st., Chelsea, who, after being so afflicted with Salt Rheum that her fingers would crack open, and bleed and itch terribly, was cured by four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Mrs. E. G. Evans, 78 Carver st., Boston, Mass., suffered severely from rheumatism and debility. Ayer's Sarsaparilla proved a specific in her case. Francis Johnson, Editor of the "German American," Lafayette, Ind., writes: "For years I have been subject to chronic attacks of neuralgia, especially at the commencement of spring. I have derived great benefit from Ayer's Sarsaparilla." It has

Lynch

Wholesale Grocer, Lowell, Mass., says: "Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best." The following, from R. L. King, Richmond, Va., is corroborated by Purcell, Ladd & Co., druggists, of that city. Mr. K. writes (May 12, 1884): "My son Thomas, aged 12, has suffered horribly, for three years, with scrofula, in its worst form. His case was said to be incurable. One arm was useless; his right leg was paralyzed; a large piece of bone had cut through the skin at the shoulder-blade, and three large sores constantly discharged offensive matter. He began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla on the 6th of March, and, oh, what a

Saved and

restored thousands. Walter Barry, 7 Hollis st., Boston, Mass., after vainly trying a number of medicines, for the cure of lumbago, was persuaded to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He writes: "Your valuable medicine not only relieved me, but I believe it has worked a perfect cure, although my complaint was apparently chronic." Thos. Dalby, Watertown, Mass., has long been a sufferer from lumbago and rheumatism. So great has been his improvement since using

Happy

change; indeed, a miracle. In a few weeks the sores began to heal; he gained strength, and could walk around the house. We persevered with the Sarsaparilla, yet having little hope of his recovery. To-day he can run as far as any other boy of his age. The sores on his arm, shoulder, and back, have nearly healed, his muscles are strengthening, and he is the picture of health." Equally important facts concerning the use of Ayer's Sar-

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

sparilla that he has every reason to believe it will effect a permanent cure.

by other members of Mr. King's family, are contained in the same letter.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

For sale by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles for $5.

BRADLEY'S SUPERPHOSPHATE

A COMPLETE MANURE OF SUPERIOR MECHANICAL CONDITION.

Contains all the essential elements of plant-food in the best possible forms.

Proven by the actual experience of twenty-four years to be THE BEST.

We guarantee the maintenance of its high standard in all particulars. State Chemists' valuations are better apply advertised. Some are from **Private Analyses** of Special Samples, while others are from **Old Reports** in which much higher trade values were used. Others can best be explained by those who advertise them. Each publishes such as best suits his purpose. Fertilizers which have no standing of their own require the use of deceiving perhaps, but **Bradley's Phosphate** is sold on its **Own Intrinsic Merits.** Being the **Best in the Market,** it is universally used as the **Standard** of comparison, which is the best evidence of its **Acknowledged Superiority.**

Send for Circulars. **BRADLEY FERTILIZER COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.**

my9-1t

WHEELER'S Eclipse Windmill

Is the favorite, wherever known; has received more honors than anything of the kind ever constructed. It took the highest award at the Centennial, and at four other World's Fairs; also, at the National Exhibition of Railroad Appliances. It received Five Silver Medals from the N. E. Fair, and has taken First Prize at every State Fair in N. E., where it has come into working competition with other mills. It has been tested 18 years; over 20,000 in use. Its almost perfect mechanism renders it thoroughly efficient. Automatic, storm-proof and noiseless. It has **no Friction Balls** or other loose joints to impair its efficiency, or shorten its life. Those parts of the Eclipse taking the most strain are of wrought iron, and all wearing parts are machine finished. It is the longest stroke mill, and is the **only Solid Wheel Mill which stands square to the wind** when at work, and **squarely out of the wind when not at work.** It needs no *friction brake* to stop it. The Eclipse is no "clap trap" affair, built to be mentioned for what it is bid, but is a standard article, costing one man as much as another

The Poet's Corner.

"LEFT BEHIND."

A VACATION IDYL.

I.

Trunks, satchels and bags,
Hack, hackmen and nags;
Students worrying,
Students hurrying,
Thinking of friends and home delights,
Longing again for the welcome sights,
Of fathers and mothers and fair-faced girls,
Of brothers and sisters and flowing curls,
I see it all and in my mind
Am sad that *I* am left behind.

II

Absent faces, empty chairs,
Deserted rooms and noiseless stairs,
Days long and drear,
Sighs deep, sincere,
Thoughts borne away to home delights,
Constant dreams of home's sweet sights,
Of fathers and mothers and fair-faced girls,
Of brothers and sisters and flowing curls,
I feel it all and in my mind
Am sad that *I* was left behind.

III.

Trunks, satchels and bags,
Hacks, hackmen and nags;
Students returning
To lessons and learning,
Thinking of friends and home delights,
Coming from home and home's sweet sights
Of fathers and mothers and fair-faced girls,
I see it all and say in mind,
"*I* won't again be left behind." NEMO.
Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

Ladies' Department.

ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE.

Ten years ago I ran away with Trafford's wife. That is the plainest way of putting it. I set it down here just as if I were not writing of myself, just as if, God help me, it was not possible I could have been at any time of my career so weak, so desperate and so despicable a villain.

So weak—because the woman was pretty and romantic, and thought she loved me until it was too late to love anybody else. *So desperate*—because mine was a name looked up to; I was one in whom people believed, and I was clever enough in my way to have made my mark, to be talked of, to be flattered. What I was does not matter to the purport of this confession— what I came to does, and in its proper place will be related here. *So despicable*—because the woman's husband was a good man, and I hardened him to stone; a happy, trustful man, and I wrecked his happiness and trust; a father, and I took away the mother of his children.

That is why I said just now, God help me. I have said of late days, God forgive me, too; only of late days this is, and for a reason to be presently explained, and I say it now with all the heart and soul and strength left in me.

I could preach of 'extenuating circumstances,' if I was sure of a sympathetic audience but I should shriek at my own excuses afterward, shriek with a mocking horror as the fiends shriek. I was a sentimentalist and a fool; if I have one excuse that is worth recording, it is that I loved the woman—that I believed that her life would be brighter with me than with him, and that I resolved all my life to try and make it so. There was no thought of a fleeting passion, of a setting her aside, of a lower depth for her, of the old story of the streets; it was the sacrifice of my life and honor to her life and shame, and in its early days it was set down to romance, to the infinities; to a something which two misguided souls, proceeding rashly their own way, could afford to call their fate.

All a delusion, all very commonplace and miserable and cruel, and, my God! the awaking to the fact that it was so! — the stern truth that name and fame and good men's thoughts of us had wholly passed from our sphere, and we were, even in our own hearts accursed things.

If I could have been—if she could have been—as callous as are some folk; if we could have forgotten the past wherein people thought so well of us; if the present could have been everything without a thought of what had been, or of what might come to us, of the horror and disgrace to grow upon us when the glamor of the sin had vanished and we were simply everyday sinners, without a single excuse! To me the life has been ever unbearable, and yet I have borne it. To her it has been a reproach which she has been unable to hide from me, a sting which has struck into her heart and poisoned its life current, and turned her brain at times. And we each disguised from the other for a while what a mockery our lives together were, what an ordeal of mental anguish, what a damnable and awful failure.

If she *had* been heartless, if she could have become so by degrees, if the days and months and years passing by with us could have rendered us as callous as sin can make some people, we could have borne life with greater patience, and almost with a light heart. But this is not the story of our lives together, or why I let the daylight in upon it now.

There was no romance left between us, we had chosen our lot, but we despised it. We were verily ashamed, but there was no return to goodness. The great gates were shut, and we did not pray for them to open and let us back to our old lives, our old home, our old self respect, and the loves of those whom we still loved and dare not say a word concerning. We were silent tortures to ourselves.

We had sacrificed our lives, but there was no confidence in the new estate; on the contrary, there was a complete restraint. The curse of a strong imagination was always upon us and made us worse. We did not believe in each other, we wondered at each other's thoughts, and what regrets, repinings and remorse were commingled with them. Sometimes I found her in tears, in an utter prostration of grief, and she would not tell me why she wept and why it was beyond my power to console her. I have been always left to wonder what it was that would suddenly crush and abase her, and yet to know that it was Trafford she was thinking of and of Trafford's children— not hers, for she had abandoned them — who rose up like mimic angels in the sunlight, and looked toward her, and even talked of her as 'dead mamma who was dead,' and whom she could never take again to her heart.

And I? I had repented long ago. My life was one cursed of helplessness. There was a vague sense of duty to this victim, a feeling that I must atone for wrecking her life by trying to make it endurable for her, and the awful consciousness that I was not succeeding, that I could not render it anything but one profitless series of reproaches, which were not spoken to me, but which every action and every look betrayed.

I could have reproached *her* had I had the cruel courage to do so, but in all our life together I did not say a word. I could have told her of her own folly, of her great and little vanities, her recklessness, her resentments, her futile reasonings, with the clear-headed, strong hearted surgeon who had married her five years ago, and would have had her as good and staid and homelike as were other wives about his sphere. I could have scoffed at her desire for absolute admiration and power, her foolish resistance to control the self will which at last cast her into my arms and away from the better man's. I knew her character—I could read it like a book. I could influence her for good or harm, and I sank my own identity to make her career with me the record of her own self satisfaction. It was her own way absolutely—her own life, not mine—but no roses ever strewed the path along which we went together, only the dust and ashes which grew deeper and thicker with every step we took away from the right.

Ten years afterward it might have been thought that we had settled down, but we never had. She was thirty five years of age then, and as pretty and graceful a woman as she had ever been; the only change in her was in the depth of grave, strange thought which in repose her features always showed. That long look ahead was very sad to watch and one need not wonder of what she was thinking, or of the figures in the distance that flitted before her yearning gaze. And she did not know herself how long she would look thus, or how completely she had drifted from the life around her and from the home that had never seemed to be here. On the contrary, she would reproach me with my long brooding fits, my forgetfulness of *her*, and there would come the terrible fear that *will* come to all women like her, that I had grown weary of it all, and would be quit of it soon, without much thought for her. There were times when she would tell me this as the deep conviction which she had, and I had to deny its truth to keep her sane, knowing in my heart how true it was, and that the life was one which I continually deplored. And yet there had never come to me a resolution to escape it—mine had been a career deliberately adopted, and it must go on to the end. It would not be altered without my being to the world a greater villain than I was already. I had repented but no man or woman would have believed in such a repentance as mine. 'He has thrown her off,' would have been the outcry against me. I had acted like a hound from the beginning to the end, and it was like me. What else could have been expected? Poor woman!

II.

We had lost sight of Trafford all these ten years. We had tried to forget him; we had been abroad moving from place to place; we had left him to his London practice in a western suburb of London, so far as we knew, and he had not endeavored in any way to find us out. He had let us go from his sight. He had not sought to obtain a divorce, for he had not thought of taking to himself a second wife, and he was content with the two children—one boy, one girl—which she had left with him. We did not even know that he had become famous in those ten wasted years of ours, and that men spoke of him with admiration and gratitude, he gift of healing being a God's gift with him which had worked great ends. There were stories of his goodness as well as of his eccentricity, but we had not heard of them then, of his generosity, of his bad temper, of his power, of his pride, as there are stories false and true, of all men who rise above the level of their fellows. It was not till we went back again in London, tired out with many cities, that I came across his name in the newspapers, found that it was not easy to escape this name, which cropped up in every important case connected with the court or the nobility. People sick unto death seemed to cry aloud for Sir Edward Trafford; he had been plain Ned Trafford when I stole his wife away, a man of strong opinions and firm will, but one whom I had never thought would rise to honors such as he had gained.

I tried at first to keep the newspapers from her, but she was fond of news. The theatrical world interested her—the concert world, the world of art and literature— and she would have guessed my motive had I made any marked effort to conceal news from her. She must have seen his name very frequently at last but she never alluded to it; in London she grew more restless and excited, and was even strange at times, and gave me great concern, as for a new trouble that might be advancing. We were out a great deal; the theatre and concert were our distractions; we were not fond of home, we were strangely glad to escape it. It was not pleasant to sit facing each other for long hours, and to be uncertain what thoughts were troubling each of us—even if one did not despise the other in that heart of hearts which was under lock and key. We had no society, we were to have been 'all in all,' and we still shrank from those friends we might have had, or the few honest trusting folk who would have believed in 'the respectabilities' about our darkened world, and called us friends of theirs. We were above deceiving them, we accepted our position and lived very staidly, we would have no new friends and we had set ourselves apart from all the old.

Now and then strange accidents occurred and unlooked for meetings. The world is full of them, and we could not escape them. Ten years had not swept us out of those terrible memories for faces and incidents, which some people have. I need not speak of them more; they were part of our trials which there was no eluding, they were part of our existence.

It had often occurred to me that I should have been glad to meet a man like myself, of my thoughts and character, some one who had done as I had done, and to whom I could talk and reason—and, if it were so, confess. What a hundred questions I could have asked him!—whether his life's sin had been worth one hour of his better self? whether he had lived down remorse, or if remorse had made his life a hell? And when such a man by chance confronted me, some one whom I knew by evil repute to be a man like me—as bad as I was!—and, strange feeling that it was, I could shrink from him as from one lost beyond redemption, and whose career had been a scandal and a gross affront to me! I was sentimentalist, I have said already. The reader of these lines will not understand me without knowing of my weakness. I could not make the best of my position; it was beyond me.

I was thirty seven years of age, and a rich man comparatively, when I came back to London with her. I was in the prime of life, when life should have been at its best, and yet I could envy the workman with his child, strolling in the public park through which I dashed on horseback. I would have changed places with him had the chance been offered me and at the price of my forgetfulness. If I could have only forgotten! If I could have hardened like steel, and been like other men! If she had been happy, very happy, even moderately happy, and I—I knew they looking desperately—it in her own strange sadness there was not ever a lost soul's whisper to me—'This is your work! without you I should have been an honest woman at peace with God, at peace with myself!'

One thing I had been spared hitherto in this miserable association—the curse which comes to most men who have neglected in any fashion—jealousy. In no instance during those ten years had she raised my mistrust; in no instance had I seen in her that instinct to attract, to encourage, to flatter other men which is part of a weak woman's character, and which had led her from her husband's side to mine. The first fault had been the great fault, and she was faithful to me—terribly faithful. Shall I own that there were times when I regretted this—when it crossed my mind that there might have been an excuse to close the sin of it, with a blacker sin for her; that would be even a natural sequel to a commonplace history, and so an end to it, and a retracing of my weary steps along the way I had come?

When we were in London again the jealousy came at last, and I was amazed at the strength and passion of it—at its bewildering effect upon me. She became more eccentric in her manner—a woman with a mystery, a woman who would not explain. There were days when I returned home to find that she had deserted it, and soon the various excuses offered for her absence aroused my suspicions and did not appear to be the truth—which they were not. Which presently I proved to be lies, but such lies as disarmed my jealousy and filled me with a new despair.

She had discovered her children. She had found out her husband's residence in a West End square, and she had planned and plotted to see them, even to speak to them with all the earnestness and passion of a woman at bay.

'Why did you not tell me?' I asked, when the secret came out at last; 'why hide it all from me?'

'You would have been angry.'

'No.'

'And I could not keep away. For the soul of me, Ernest, I could not keep away. I wanted to see them, oh, so badly.'

'It can do no good.'

'I know that.'

'It may do a deal of harm.'

'It may,' she assented

'You have not told them who you are?'

'Oh, no, God forbid that! I have only asked them a direction in the street, just to hear the sound of their voices, just to look at them a little closer and be sure that they are my own boy and girl. Don't you understand me?' she screamed; 'won't you understand me?'

'Yes, yes, I understand,' was my reply; 'but this will drive you mad!'

'It may.'

'It is too late in the day for this exaggerated sentiment,' I added, even harshly. 'Had you loved your children more, you would not have gone away from them.'

'That's true,' she answered gloomily; 'I own it. I was selfish. I did not think of them at first. I thought only of you then. I'—

'Oh, Eva, forgive me. I did not mean to cast that dart at you.'

'It is all true,' she said; 'I did not think of them a great deal, and I—I knew they would be happy with their father, and well cared for and loved. He was always very kind of children, a just, good, hard man,' she added, thoughtfully, 'and very fond of children, very.'

'You see, all this has brought fresh misery to you; rendered you wholly unhappy and restless. What is the use of it?' I asked.

'I don't know,' was the helpless answer, and she wrung her hands together for an instant; 'I am trying to see the use of it, the good of it. How should I know what is good? I don't even understand why it should come to me after all these years to find them out, to yearn for one look of their bright young faces, as one like me might yearn to look at Heaven just for once—but it has come, and they are my boy and girl. Whatever I am—whatever I have been—they are mine. Don't you see that? Don't you see I can't help all this? I can't! I can't!'

Her grief, her self abandonment was so great that I could only attempt to soothe it, implore her to be calm, to be reasonable, to forget my harshness, to exercise some sort of self restraint, and then the calm followed—that dread calm which was very like despair.

I did not set an interdict on her movements; I did not inquire again where she had been; I had to let things take their course and remain in ignorance as to which way they were tending. I seemed to expect a catastrophe—to be waiting for it—to be wondering how long it would be. And yet I was not wholly passive. I was making arrangements to go abroad again, to be quit of England, this time forever.

When the time came to tell her she shook her head sadly.

'I cannot go,' she answered.

'I have made all preparations.'

'You will kill me if you take me from England any more,' she said; 'but if you insist, I must die.'

I did not answer. I resolved to speak of it again tomorrow, when she was less excitable, when she had grown more accustomed to the news. I had surprised and shocked her. I was not a wise man. I did nothing that was right.

And on the morrow, the catastrophe for which I had waited had come, and there was no talking or reasoning with her again. It had come to myself—to me who was unprepared for it, who had not looked for it in my own direction, had not dreamed the hand of fate could strike so heavily.

My horse had taken fright and I had been thrown. It was a terrible accident, and they picked me up, as they thought, for dead. I was carried to the nearest hospital, in one of the wards of which I found myself days afterward, lying like a child, speechless, nerveless, with not even the strength to turn my head. Strange faces came and looked at me for an instant and then vanished in a mist that grew about them; voices very far away sounded meaningless in my ears, where there was always the rushing of a sea and the breaking of its waves in thunderous booms upon the beach. I must be at sea, I thought, when the first thought came back to me.

There was no power to move; I was like a man chained down. At that time I did not know what had happened, whether I was not in a dream or trance: everything about and around me belonged so completely to the unknown, and it was so full of clouds, into which I was always vanishing, sometimes very slowly, at other times with a celerity that was like being hurled into an unknown depth and then forgotten.

A woman's face looking intently into mine was the first thing I recollected as part of waking life. A strange, kind face, and yet I whispered 'Eva,' wonderingly, as at a change in her for which I was unprepared, and yet I was not wholly surprised.

'Ah! I am not Eva,' said my nurse, smiling.

'Then—'

'Hush. You must not talk any more. You must wait.'

I remembered that injunction, and obeyed her. I read the meaning in her clear, bright face, and said no more. The doctors came and looked at me, and I would have spoken to one of them, but he shook his head, and light ly touched my lips with his fingers before he turned to those about him.

'He's conscious,' one said.

'Marvellous!' ejaculated a little man with dark spectacles.

'Will he pull through? Is it possible?' asked another.

Then they passed on down the ward, and I lay and thought they were talking of somebody else, and faintly wondered where they had come from, and why they had all looked at me, till I floated away once more into forgetfulness.

'By-and-by—a day afterward, I was told it was—I became more conscious of surrounding objects, animate and inanimate; I knew that I was an inmate of one of the wards of a large London hospital, and that bandages were on my head, that my limbs were in splints, and I was powerless.

'What had happened?' I asked.

The nurse told me in soft whispers and with her cautious eyes upon me all the while. My horse had taken fright and I had been thrown. I had been brought to that hospital, and it was thought I could not recover; it was beyond human skill to save me, it was thought, but I was still alive, and it was hoped that now I was likely to live, with a little extra care and special nursing.

'Thank Heaven!' I answered.

Life had not appeared to be of much value to me before my accident; I had contemplated the easiest means of quitting it once or twice; but, strangely, it was of great value to me now.

'You have Sir Edward Trafford to thank for your life,' said the nurse.

'Sir Edward Trafford?'

'No one else could have succeeded with the operation.'

It was a complicated case of trepanning, it was intimated to me by degrees, a case that had never been successful before, one that Sir Edward had carried out on a new principle which was to still further enhance his fame in the world. I was amazed, discomfited, cast down. The nurse saw the change in me, and called out for further assistance. I remembered nothing more that day.

My return to consciousness, to the state of a reflective being, was marked by what they thought was a stern reserve, an odd manner altogether. I might be going mad—it was one of the results which they feared—and they were very observant. There seemed to be some one always flitting near me, watching me; I had hardly time to think for myself, to wonder what was to be done and said after all this.

I was getting stronger of speech; I could think, fears were growing beset by two terrible fears: What had become of Eva? When would Sir Edward Trafford come and look down upon me lying there as the other doctors looked?

'Has he been here?' I asked.

'Sir Edward?'

'Yes.'

'He came every day for the first week. You were his case—you are his case,' said the nurse.

'Will he come again?'

'Yes, to be sure. He is away just now, but you are in good hands. You must not worry about that. You are getting better. Sir Edward will be back in a few days.'

She talked very rapidly, and I could not interrupt her. When she had done, I said aloud—and it seemed impossible to help saying:

'I do not wish to see him.'

The nurse looked surprised.

'Am I compelled?' I asked.

'I don't see how you can help it,' she said, regarding me with new interest; 'you are Sir Edward's case, I have told you.'

'Yes.'

After a pause she said:

'Why don't you wish to see him?'

I was silent. I saw that I had acted wrongly if I wished to keep my secret. I replied to her at last:

'I don't know—I can't tell.'

'I should think not,' she said brusquely as she walked away.

Late in the day one of the surgeons came to me, talked to me, congratulated me on my better state.

'Am I out of danger?' I asked anxiously.

'Well—not absolutely out of danger. You must be careful, of course.'

'Could I not leave here—be carried home—at any cost? Money is no object to me, and I would be so glad to get away!' I urged.

'It is quite impossible.'

'To-morrow or the next day?'

'Not for many days. You must be resigned to this, my good fellow. There is no jumping back to your old self at a bound.'

He laid his hand kindly on my shoulder, and said:

'You must be thankful for coming back to the world at all. You must be patient—it is your one chance.'

'I cannot be patient here.'

'You must try, Mr. Elwin.'

I flinched at the mention of my name. I felt a cold shivering pass through me, like a man betrayed. I had hoped they did not know me at this hospital; that I was one of many, and unrecognized; that there had been no clue to my identity; I knew now that my card-case had not been in my pocket; that I had no letters with my address upon them with me, and I fancied it had been with one's particular business to trace and track me out. My linen was only marked with my initials, and I had hugged myself with the conviction that I was not known, and that by care and sacrifice of my feelings I might pass unknown from the hospital. From the moment of the mention of Trafford's name I had resolved to be silent as the grave—to ask no question as to Eva—to send no message to her—to leave her even in the agony of doubt as to what had become of me. Better that, better anything, than that I should be known as Ernest Elwin, the man who ten years ago, ran away with Trafford's wife. Sir Edward Trafford had not recognized me, I was certain—the poor, crushed wretch, bleeding and dust-begrimed, was, in the confusion of the accident, not likely to be known, and ten years had made enough change in me, without calamity. And yet this man called me Elwin, as if he knew me very well.

'Why do you say Elwin?' I asked.

'I don't know,' said the surgeon carelessly: 'it is Elwin, is it not?'

He was short-sighted, and he walked to the head of the bed, peered closely at a large card affixed there which stated the nature of my case, my diet and my treatment, and all particulars for the information of the surgeons and students going to and fro; and my name and number were there also, it was evident.

'You're down here as Elwin—Ernest Elwin. Is it wrong, then?' he asked.

I did not answer; I could have shouted 'Yes!' in my rage and distress, but it would have been a foolish lie. Some one had recognized me, or something had betrayed me, and my long silence had been all in vain. I had not spoken of my home, and no one had cared to ask me concerning it; if there had been anyone whose anxiety I could allay, they thought probably I should have been the first to mention it, of course. But I had been very silent, very grim. It had seemed to me better that Eva should remain in suspense awhile than that she should come here and possibly meet him. The great surprise was over by this time, and it was only a question of a short time longer. Had she known I should not have been allowed to see her yet awhile, she would have called persistently, and been discovered. All this I had had the strength to plan out, to feel the misery of it all, and yet to feel sure that it was best. And after all there was my name at the head of the bed, and the secret I had kept so close exposed to those who care l to read.

'Is it wrong?' the surgeon asked again.

'It is quite right,' I replied at last. 'But who put my name up there?'

'I don't know.'

Later in the day I asked the nurse, and she could not inform me either. It had been a matter of form—done by one of the students, she supposed—she could not say.

'Strange!' I muttered doubtfully.

'I don't recognize the handwriting either,' she said, looking at the card in her turn. 'It's not the usual writing. Does it matter?'

'No.'

But I lay and tried to puzzle out the meaning till I grew very faint, and went back a step or two toward a relapse. When I was well enough to speak again next day, I asked that a message might be sent to my home explaining to Eva where I was, and saying that she must not come to see me; that I must not see any one yet—it was Sir Edward Trafford's instructions.

'Say Sir Edward Trafford's,' I pleaded, 'and ask her to write to me instead, and assure me she's well.'

In due course the answer came. There were only a few words, and I had thought there might have sent me a longer letter.

'I have been already told of your accident, and have promised for your sake to keep away,' she wrote. 'I am terribly bewildered. I pray every night—I, who have not prayed for years—for your recovery. I am ill.

'EVA.'

She had known all, then; but who was there in the hospital to inform her of my accident? Her address was not on the books, and there was no one to whom my accident was of any extra interest, save from a scientific or surgical point of view. Unless—and I tried to think if it were possible—Sir Edward Trafford had done all this himself, had recognized me, found out my address, and written to her who had been once his wife. Surely impossible!

The probable return of the great surgeon to town filled me with dismay and retarded my progress to recovery. What would he say when he saw my name at the head of the bed? What would he do?

I owed my life to the man whose home I had shadowed, whose name I had dishonored, and my life was valueless in his eyes and my own. If I could escape before his return; if I could only get away before he looked down upon me with his great inquiring, dark eyes! I seemed suddenly to remember his eyes, and how they glistened through the glasses which he had always worn. I grew afraid of them. If I could only steal away! If I could escape him!

Then came the relapse in earnest, born of all this mental struggle of which I could not, dared not speak, and all was chaos to me, from which I emerged at last, weaker than I had ever been. I had come back from delirium—there had been another operation necessary; I had been carried to the Lecture Theatre and back to my bed, without my knowledge; there had been a cold, critical discourse upon my case to the students who had thronged the operating-room to gather knowledge from my suffering, from the lips of the great surgeon who seldom addressed them now, and only in important cases like my own.

In the twilight, before there were lights burning in the wards, one day when I was stronger, I woke from my sleep to find him sitting at my bedside. The nurse was near him talking in a low voice, and he was listening attentively. My heart seemed to stop still when I was sure it was he.

I was right. I knew him by his eyes. In all else he was a changed man. He was nine years Eva's senior, but I had not thought to see him with hair as white as snow, and with a hundred fine, deep lines about his face. It was a very stern face, with the thin lips compressed, as I had always known them; but it was handsome still, for all its gravity and oldness of expression. A face of intense power, a clever man's face, from which a poor, weak sinner like myself seemed to cower and try to hide away, lest its very looks should blast him.

'This is Sir Edward,' said the nurse.

'I know,' I murmured hoarsely.

'Leave us,' followed the dry, hard tones of the surgeon, and with a 'Certainly, Sir Edward,' the nurse departed.

Then there was silence. He looked steadily at me, as I had thought he would look, and I looked away from him down the ward, and along the row of sufferers there.

'Elwin!' he said at last, and I glanced wistfully toward him. I tried to speak, but could not.

'You have had two hard fights for your life,' he said calmly, and without a quaver of his voice, 'but you are spared, I am glad to say.'

'Glad?' I murmured.

'Yes—very glad.'

I could not reply. Strange hot tears came to my eyes, whose founts had been sealed for years.

'We are always glad when we succeed in a difficult case, and yours has been the most critical that I have ever known,' he continued, in a hard, metallic way, that brought me slowly to myself. 'It is a triumph of surgery to restore you to the world.'

To restore me to his wife! Did he think of that in the midst of his success, in wonder? Or was the matter which did not concern him in the least now, which was not any part of his thoughts? Yes, he was a hard man: she had always called him hard and unsympathetic; it had been his profession first, and his wife second, and his wife had resented the preference, fretted, complained, and fled.

'He will never miss me,' she had said; 'she will be happier without me.'

Perhaps she had been. Who could tell, looking into that inflexible face, whether he had suffered or not? I was not sure even whether he knew me—he spoke so calmly, and regarded me a patient in whom, on account of the complications of the case, he was more than ordinarily interested. And for no other reason?

'Do you know who I am?' I asked at last, fretful and impatient.

'You must keep cool, sir,' he said politely, but firmly; 'excitement is all we have to fear in you.'

'You do not answer my question, Sir Edward.

'Why do you ask?'

'I cannot say— I cannot explain,' I replied. 'But I would be very glad to know.'

'Will it ease your mind to know?'

'I think it will.'

'Yes. I knew you directly you were brought into the hospital. I never forget a face,' he said quietly.

'Why did you not kill me when I was so completely in your power?' I burst forth. 'I deserved it—I—'

He laid his hand upon my arm and rose from the bedside.

'There, there, that will do,' he said. 'You must recollect a surgeon's pride, his fame rests on the saving of his patient, not the killing of him.'

'Ah! well, you may kill me presently in a fairer way, I said. 'I am at your orders, always.'

'Thank you,' he said dryly, I know that. And now try to sleep. And a good night to you, for it is what you need most.'

He walked down the ward somewhat feebly, I thought, for his four-and-forty years, and the nurses rose and courtesied to him as he passed, and the patients watched him with their big, wondering eyes, a giant among men, and as he stopped at the far end of the room, before one who was also his especial care, the students seemed to rise about him and hang upon his words.

'A good man, is he not, nurse?' I said to the attendant who had approached my side again.

'I don't know. He is a great man, at all events.'

'Yes.'

'It is an honor to us for him to come now,' she said; 'an honor to you that he should have been so deeply interested in you. Everybody has thought him particularly interested. But then it's a miracle that you're alive, with a skull all smashed into the brain as yours has been. Why,' she added cheerfully, in order to raise a smile in me, 'you've no business to be alive at all. It's against the record.

'No, I have no business to be alive,' I murmured. 'That is it.'

'Ah! well, go to sleep,' she said soothingly; 'you'll be more cheerful in the morning.'

Cheerful! In the morning I waited very anxiously for him. I longed to see him; I had thought of many things which I should like to say, and I wished to find the courage, the strength to say them, and to thank him for all his thought for me. But he came not that day nor the next. He was keeping out of my way now. Perhaps he thought his presence disturbed me, and led to an excitement that was not good for me, or, having set me on the road to convalescence, there was gone all interest in the matter, and he left me to men whose time was not so precious as his own.

I had got well enough to see visitors at last, but I had begged Eva not to come yet —not to come at all. And it was for her husband's sake, rather than for hers. I would have spared him. It was beset with a strange unknown fear of those two meeting, and possibly at my bedside. It was too horrible to contemplate.

She did not come. She took me at my word and left me to myself. And I was greatly relieved. The fear of seeing her was awfully strong upon me—the woman who had shared my life, who had sacrificed her life for me, and to whom I had surrendered my ambitions, my friends, my honorable career—the woman who was my whole life, I did not wish to see. I was afraid of any grief or excitement which she might betray—I was more afraid of her indifference—still more of the thoughts she might have of her husband, and the wish to beg for his forgiveness, and to tell him how bitterly she had repented of the wrong that she had done him.

She did not answer my note, and I was glad of that. There was always in her letters, amid the kindliness of her nature, the ring of the natural discontent at what she was, the wail sometimes over what she might have been, disguise it as she might by obscure words and phrases. I had been always in dread, in the few times that I had been away from her, what sorrow might be shadowed forth in every missive to myself. In returning to her, I had always wondered what might have happened in my absence, and always, as I approached our home, been, as it were, prepared for something. There was a selfish satisfaction in knowing that she would not come, that there was no letter for me, that I was left in peace, and alone, to get well.

In the next time Sir Edward Trafford visited this ward of the hospital, to my astonishment he passed me by. He had paid some extra attention to the patient at the remote end of the ward—a man I did not know even by sight, but of whom I was jealous!—and then he came slowly along, accompanied by students and one or two surgeons from other hospitals; and, like a king attended by his suite, he passed by me. He did not even glance toward me. I was a man forgotten.

Why I felt this slight so acutely, why I grieved over it, it is difficult to say. The sick man is all self; the whole world belongs to him, and he is the central figure in it. Had he been the dearest friend of my life I could not have felt this setting me aside with a deeper grief. I could imagine in my weakness that he had done me a cruel wrong to ignore my existence in this way. He had brought me to life again, but it was the fable of Frankenstein; he did not love the monster for all the life that he had given him. I was *his* monster, and he shunned me. Might he not even regret this in his heart—that he had recreated me to work more evil, to go on as I had begun, to feel it was my duty to sin on, bending to man's law and his code of honor for the sake of the woman?

If Trafford would only speak to me, if he would sit down by my bedside and let me speak, if he would only come again, so that I might just see him and look my gratitude, I thought at last. But days went by, and weeks, and I was able to get up, able in a few days more, they told me, to go away. I wrote a letter that day to Sir Edward Trafford, and the nurse to post it for me. She looked at the address critically.

'What are you writing to him for?' was her abrupt inquiry.

'My thanks.'

'Ah! well, it's right and proper you should be grateful,' she said, 'but he does not care for thanks, I know.'

I had not thanked him; I had only begged to see him for a few moments before I went away. I had implored him to honor me with a last interview, to spare me from his golden minutes only one.

All that day and the next I lay resolving what I should say to him—what words that could show my gratitude, my sorrow, my remorse, without paining him too much. There was one confession which I wanted to make to him, one acknowledgment, but he did not come; and my orders were to go away, at last.

On the last day, when I was dressed, and bidding good by to envious sufferers who had been near me, nurses who had been kind to me, to young students and surgeons whose cheery words had brightened a few minutes of my sickness now and then, an attendant came up and said Sir Edward was waiting in his private room to see me before my departure.

My heart leaped with an unaccountable joy. He had relented, he had come to see me, he was waiting for me.

I went down stairs to the private room to which I was directed. I felt my heart beating quickly and painfully, my senses almost leaving me, as I stepped into the room and the door was closed behind me. He was sitting at a table writing, and he looked up keenly as I entered, and saw that I was strangely moved.

'You are not a strong man yet, Mr. Elwin,' he remarked very deliberately, 'and of any excitement you must be scrupulously careful. You should go down to the sea and live a quiet, peaceful life, say for the next six months. I would recommend the Norfolk coast or Yorkshire. Good day.'

'No, Sir Edward, not good day yet,' I replied promptly; 'I have something more to say, and I feel that I must say it to you. God brings me here to say it surely.'

'My time is not my own,' he answered, looking at his watch.

'Five minutes, sir. One minute, if you will allow me,' I pleaded.

'Take a seat. You must not try your strength too much at present,' he said. 'I cannot afford you five minutes, I am afraid. Let us say three.'

'Very well.'

'Proceed, then. And pray be brief and cool.'

'In the first place, Sir Edward, let me thank you with all my heart for—'

'That would be wasting time, he interrupted; 'I am here to do my duty, and need no thanks. I might thank you for the liberal donation which I hear you have given this morning to the funds of the institution; but being a wealthy man, that is your duty too —your gratitude.'

'Sir Edward,' I exclaimed passionately, 'you have saved my life. Tell me what to do with it, in God's name.'

'And in God's name, sir, don't ask me,' was his quick answer, and for an instant there was a flame in his eyes I had not thought to see.

'It is your life. What shall I do with it now?' I cried.

'I do not understand you,' he said, very coldly. 'Yours was a deeply interesting case, and has afforded me an opportunity of testing a theory of my own—of proving a fact that has been long disputed by my contemporaries. I was glad to find a subject—and there the matter ends.'

'Not to me. It cannot end like this.'

'Pardon me, but it must. Three minutes!' he said, looking at his watch.

'Sir Edward, I cannot go back to her,' I exclaimed; 'I cannot begin again the life from which my accident snatched me.'

'That is no business of mine.'

'I will make her independent of all worldly cares, but I will not return to my old life. I will not wrong you—'

'Pray do not rave of my wrongs, or of yours,' he said, with just the faint suspicion of mockery about his thin cut lips. 'She did not break my heart when she was good enough to prefer you to me. I was the lucky man, not you. She was bad enough for me to despise and then forget, and there was an end of it. Cut the cancer away, and the scar does not give me pain.'

'Did you tell her I was in the hospital?'

'I told somebody to write—I forget whom —when we had discovered your address. She was asked not to come; an interview with you would have spoiled the best case that has ever come beneath my notice. And I was anxious to make a success of you. You are a success.'

'A success,' I groaned.

'Yes, I mean.'

'To myself I am forever a dead failure. 'He took up his pen again; but before he did so he struck a bell at his side. The attendant appeared.

'Mr. Elwin is ready to go. Is his cab waiting?'

'Yes, Sir Edward.'

'May I say God bless you?' I asked. 'May I say for all the past—'

'No; don't say any more, please. You worry me.'

'May I,' I said, approaching him, 'just touch your hand in love and gratitude—for once in all my misspent life, sir?'

There was a slight contraction of the massive brow, a shudder which he could not repress, and both his hands were put behind his back.

'No, no,' he said quickly, 'not you! See him safely to the cab, Johnson—let him take your arm.'

But I had wrenched myself away from the attendant, and was stooping over him and whispering in his ear.

'As God is my judge,' I cried, 'I do not return to her. I cannot.'

'No. You cannot. That is quite impossible.'

'She—what do you mean?'

'She died in a lunatic asylum a fortnight ago. A curious instance of mania about some children whom she had deserted ten years since.'

'Dead!' And I have not been told of this?' I exclaimed.

'It was of the greatest importance to keep the news from you,' said Sir Edward; 'you would have spoiled my case. Take the gentleman's arm, Johnson, again. Good morning.'—[Belgravia.

UNDER A CRAZY QUILT.

He slept, and dreamt that the kangaroo
Had given a fancy ball;
The elephant came with the festive gnu,
The mouse with the ostrich tail.
A funny giraffe, that did nothing but laugh,
Dropped in with a centipede;
And a cricket and flea, that had just been to tea,
Waltzed round with remarkable speed.

A wasp and a bumblebee had a chat
Just over his little nose;
And a boa constrictor upon the mat
Dressed up in his Sunday clothes.
A crow and a raccoon, in a fire balloon,
Paused over his bed to sing;
And a neat armadillo crept up on his pillow
To dance the Highland fling.

Then all, ere they left, made a graceful bow,
And out in the moonlight sped,
Except a ponderous brindle cow,
Which stopped to stand on his head.
The little boy woke, and grinned at the joke,
Sprang out of bed with a lilt—
"I will dream it all over," said he, "if they cover
Me up with a crazy quilt."

LOVE IN A BALLOON.

[Read by Mrs. Alonzo Foster.]

Some time ago I was staying with Sir George Fiasher, with a great number of people there—all kinds of amusements going on. Driving, riding, fishing, shooting, everything in fact. Sir George's daughter, Fanny, was often my companion in these expeditions, and I was considerably struck with her, for she was a girl to whom the epithet 'stunning' applies better than any other that I am acquainted with.

Oh, she was a stunner! you should have heard that girl whistle, and laugh — you should have heard her laugh. She was truly a delightful companion. We rode together, drove together, fished together, walked together, danced together, sang together; I called her Fanny and she called me Tom. All this could have but one termination, you know. I fell in love with her and determined to take the first opportunity of proposing. So one daywhen we were out together fishing on the lake, I went down on my knees among the gudgeons, seized her hand, pressed it to my waistcoat, and in burning accents entreated her to become my wife.

'Don't be a fool,' she said. 'Now drop it, do, and put me a fresh worm on.'

'Oh, Fanny!' I exclaimed; 'don't talk about worms when marriage is in question. Only say—'

'I tell you what it is, now,' she replied angrily, 'if you don't drop it I'll pitch you out of the boat.'

Gentlemen, I did not drop it, and I give you my word of honor, with a sudden shove she sent me flying into the water; then seizing the sculls, with a stroke or two put several yards between us, and burst into a fit of laughter that fortunately prevented her from going any further. I swam up and climbed into the boat. 'Jenkins,' said I to myself, 'revenge, revenge!' I disguised my feelings. I laughed—hideous mockery of mirth—I laughed, pulled up to the bank, went to the house and changed my clothes. When I appeared at the dinner table, I perceived that everyone had been informed of the ducking. Universal laughter greeted me. During dinner, Fanny repeatedly whispered to her neighbor and glanced at me. Smothered laughter invariably followed, 'Jenkins,' said I; 'revenge! revenge!' The opportunity soon offered. There was to be a balloon ascent from the lawn, and Fanny had tormented her father into letting her ascend with the aeronaut. I instantly took my plans; bribed the aeronaut to plead illness at the moment when the machine should have risen; learned from him the management of the balloon, though I understood that pretty well before, and calmly awaited the result. The day came. The weather was fine. The balloon was inflated. Fanny was in the car, everything was ready when the aeronaut suddenly fainted. He was carried into the house, and Sir George accompanied him. Fanny was in despair.

'Am I to lose my air expedition?' she exclaimed, looking over the side of the car; 'someone understands the management of this thing, surely? Nobody! Tom!' she called to me, 'you understand it don't you?'

'Perfectly,' I answered.

'Come along, then,' she cried; 'be quick, before papa comes back.'

The company in general endeavored to dissuade her from her project, but of course in vain. After a decent show of hesitation, I climbed into the car. The balloon was cast off, and rapidly sailed heavenward. There was scarcely a breath of wind, and we rose almost straight up. We rose above the house, and she laughed and said, 'How jolly!'

We were higher than the highest trees, and she smiled and said it was very kind of me to come with her. We were so high that the people